

LEND A HAND

A Record of Progress and Journal of Organized Charity.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1886.

NO. 12.

THE next number of this Magazine begins a second volume.

The varied experience and correspondence of the last year are enough to show that such a Magazine is needed, and that, if properly conducted, it can render important service to the community.

Our readers will remember that the first article in the first number of LEND A HAND exposed the insufficiency of a United States prison in the southwest. It was written by Miss Anna Dawes, who described, with admirable distinctness, what her own eyes had seen.

That article had been published but a few weeks, when, on motion of an intelligent member of the House of Representatives, in Washington, it was read to the House by the clerk. The requisite legislation for the erection of a decent and sufficient prison immediately followed. The article was also read to the Senate, by the Secretary of the Senate.

We have been assured by competent judges that, if LEND A HAND had done nothing else, in the last year, than secure this reform in this one prison, the existence of the magazine, the effort spent upon it, would be more than justified.

We venture to tell the story, as a hint to those persons who teach us that women have no sphere and no power in America. In this case, the simple presentation of the truth, by one intelligent and conscientious woman, secured the remedy.

We should not have established the Magazine, but for the conviction that the best workers in the matters in which the public is most interested had no proper organ for informing each other, whether as to success or failure. That conviction has been confirmed by our daily correspondence through the year.

If there are any persons in the east so ignorant that they think the new cities of the west are careless as to Charity Organization and the need of it; or, if in the new cities of the west, any persons are so ignorant that they think that the east is backward, such persons would be enlightened, to their great advantage, if they would look over the mail, for a single week, of LEND A HAND.

The truth is, that in all parts of this country there is a determination, among public-spirited men and women, that Pauperism shall not become a chronic disease. There is a determination that the administration of great Public Institutions of Reform or of Charity shall not sink into routine, nor be abandoned to the tender mercies of partizan politicians. There is, among the people of profound religious convictions, a determination that the Church of Christ shall be the Leader in the cause of the poor, the rich, the stranger, and the prisoner, and that her methods of administration shall adapt themselves to the needs and the possibilities of a country as rich in resources as our own. And, among those who have the care of the young, there is more and more the determination that, while in early life, they shall

see that the Saviour who has called them has work for them also—and that their early consecration shall be accompanied by personal effort for lifting up, somewhere, something which has fallen down.

To such purposes *LEND A HAND* is devoted: to the encouragement of the young in work for others; to giving information as to the successes of the Church in charity; to presenting the improvements which have been found possible in the public administration of charity and reform; and, in general, to the Abolition of Pauperism. From the most unexpected quarters we have received coöperation the most valuable for our purpose.

We are, already, in direct communication with the officials of thirty-eight American states, so that we receive regularly from them the frequent reports of their public charities. We regard the task we have to do, in rendering regular account of these charities, as work of the very first importance. It frequently happens that, under the pressure of necessity, an improvement of the first importance is introduced in some institution, with such success that it would be at once imitated elsewhere, as soon as it was known and understood. But, alas, it has also happened too often that the official reports of meritorious and sympathetic officers have had no circulation beyond the immediate vicinity of the place where they were written. The statements made, however important, have been published only to the people who knew the facts already. It has been, and will be our effort, to give a national circulation to such accounts of improvement in administration as deserve general attention and are matters of general interest.

Poverty and crime are both the results of social conditions, often deeply rooted in the soil left by the decay and corruption of other generations; conditions which in themselves need reform. Quite apart, then, from questions of detail as to the relief of beggary, the training to industry, and the removal of the unemployed to the place where he is needed, are the study and the improvement of such social conditions. Thus the single change of a community which should become temperate, where it had been given over to drunkenness, would involve, in a twelvemonth, improvement in all matters of pauperism, disease, and crime. It is impossible, therefore, to conduct such a journal as ours without discussing boldly all the important social questions. First of all are the questions relating to temperance; and, only less than these, are others of profound interest. Questions of emigrations, of supply and demand, of the regulation of labor, of education, of public administration, and of the proper development of the resources of the rural districts, where too much depleted by the attractions of the large cities, all fall within the province of those who really mean to lend a hand. We have tried to give proper consideration to them, and, for the future, we have more resources even than we have used thus far in such consideration.

Our correspondence with Europe is extending with every week. The necessities of the subjects demanding attention at home are such that we cannot give all the space we would to the reports which reach us, daily, of successful administration of charity there. But we do not neglect that side of our work, and try to give such illustrations from European and even Asiatic experience, as may be of most use in America.

It is evident, from this brief review of the duties of the editor of *LEND A HAND*, that it would be desirable, at least, to double the size of the monthly issue of the magazine. We have fairly considered a demand which seems to have such good

reasons. But there are, on the whole, great advantages in keeping the magazine so small that the cost shall not be inconvenient to every "Friendly Worker" in America. At bottom, our desire is to bring to every person in America, who is systematically at work for the improvement of society and the elevation of the poor, the information and the encouragement which he needs.

We shall, literally, answer a thousand inquiries at once, by saying how the friends of the magazine can assist us in this purpose.

Every wish of the management will be best advanced, if each of the charity organizations of different cities will subscribe "in block" for copies enough to distribute among their visitors. Such a subscription is a great relief to our office of publication, and, at the same time, it makes sure that each person who needs LEND A HAND most shall have it and read it.

If, in the smaller cities which have societies organized for charity, such a society will take ten copies of LEND A HAND, for distribution among its visitors; if larger societies will order twenty, thirty, or more, so that each Friendly Visitor may have in hand what should be the text-book for such vicinity, our work will reach the people for whom, in substance, it is done. The Charity Organization of Brooklyn thus ordered three hundred copies of LEND A HAND last year. Pittsburg ordered one hundred, and smaller organizations in proportion.

It is difficult for us, and, in truth, it is not desirable for us, to canvass cities far from us for subscribers, as if this were a mere mercantile adventure, seeking gain, and wishing to enlarge its subscription list, or its advertising sheets, with the mere purpose of gain. LEND A HAND was founded for no such purpose. It was founded because the best workmen and workwomen in charity were often proclaiming their methods and their needs in deserts which did not hear them. We propose to give them a voice, and hearers. In this proposal, it has succeeded. It exists, not with the wish of competing, in literary effort or in the rivalry of authorship, with what are called the literary journals, but to provide a tribune, from which all men and women may speak, if they have any message of real importance for those in need, and may address that message to all those who are glad to hear.

We confidently ask the assistance of the friends of the poor, that such a message may be more widely proclaimed.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.

It is impossible to read this letter without a wish to help these poor people:

MOQUI VILLAGES, ARIZONA.

To the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington:

We live in stone houses upon the mesa top, high above the valley. In by-gone times we were forced to live here to be safe from our foes. But we have been

living in peace for many years, and we have been thinking.

We would always like to observe the precepts which our fathers taught, because they are true.

But there are better ways of getting a living from the earth than our fathers knew, and we would like to learn them.

Like our fathers, we have always lived on the mesa tops; but the roads to our

corn-fields are long and rough, and, when we go to work in them, we are tired before we begin to hoe, and the homeward road is hard to climb, with loads upon our backs. And our women grow old and tired before their time, carrying the heavy water-bottles up and down the steep cliffs.

We have seen a little of the Americans' ways, and some of us would like to build houses similar to theirs, and live as they do in the valleys.

We can build good houses, with stone walls and clay roofs, but doors and windows and board floors were unknown to our fathers. Yet they are beautiful, and we would like to have them. But we

are poor and unable to buy them, and we ask you to help us.

We are also greatly concerned for our children. We pray that they may follow in their fathers' footsteps, and grow up good of heart and pure of breath. Yet we can see that things are changing around us, and many Americans are coming in this region. We would like our children to learn the Americans' tongue and their ways of work.

We pray you to cause a school to be opened in our country, and we will gladly send our children.

(Signed by the chiefs and other officials of the tribe.)

“UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN.”

(For the Christmas Festival of Ascension Church Sunday-school, Wakefield, R. I., 1885.)

BY E. B. C.

HAIL the son of Mary! Hail the promised King!
Sages, lowly bending, gifts of homage bring;
While the joyful tidings angel-voices tell:
Peace on earth and gladness! Lo! Emmanuel.

He, the Heir of Glory, yet of woman born,
Lightens all the nations on this wondrous morn;
Shades of ancient evil vanish with the night,
For Messiah cometh, in unearthly might.

Come once more, O Saviour! as thou cam'st of old,
To the humble watchers in the lonely wold;
Thou who cam'st to Mary, handmaid of the Lord,
Dwell with us in blessing, O Incarnate Word!

Him, the Christ child holy, Infant Prince of Peace,
Sons of men shall worship until time shall cease;
Glory and dominion, power and honor, be
Unto our Redeemer, Son of Deity!

MR. TANGIER'S VACATIONS.

BY E. E. HALE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. TANGIER stood at the door of his office, with his hand on the handle, about to go out.

"Say to Mr. Willoughby that the deed will be ready at nine to-morrow morning; that I will have witnesses here, so that his sons need not come."

"Yes, sir," said the intelligent office-boy, who stood respectfully, and fixed "Willoughby" in his memory, by processes known to him.

"If Mr. Sennett comes in, ask him to wait, if it is possible; say I have only gone to lunch, and will be back at two."

"Yes, sir," said the intelligent office-boy, and, by mental hooks known to him, fastened "Sennett" next to "Willoughby" in the mental box.

"Take a press-copy of the two letters on my desk, then address them, give them both to George for the mail, and make a neat copy, as if in my handwriting, of the long one, for the mail, also. Make that from the press-copy; there is not time for you to copy it direct."

"Yes, sir," said the boy again, and Mr. Tangier left the room. The office-boy had but just time to call George, who was his boy, to bid him wet some paper, when Mr. Tangier returned. He had met Mr. Sennett and had brought him back with him. The office-boy gathered up the long letter and the short letter, and was retiring to his lair, so that the gentlemen might be alone, when Mr. Tangier called him back.

"If Mr. Willoughby comes, show him into the sitting-room, give him the paper and the *Forum*, and ask him if he will have the kindness to wait a few minutes. Do not call me if you can help it."

And, as the boy retired, Mr. Tangier turned to Mr. Sennett and said, "I liked the looks of the captain more than you did. His story is horribly improbable, and probably true. I told him—" and here the boy was obliged to shut the door, and neither he nor this reader will ever know what the captain's story was.

The office-boy made the copies of the long letter and the short. He sent George to the post-office with both, and then addressed himself to his other task of copying ten pages of the long letter, in Mr. Tangier's handwriting.

While he did this, Mr. Willoughby came, and was put into the comfortable "sitting-room." A fellow of the copying-clerk's came from Curtis & Choate and made an appointment for a consultation at three the next day. The chairman of a Reception Committee came up to know if Mr. Tangier would be a vice-president at a public meeting for the reception of Baron Kitting; the junior partner of Severance & Hildreth came to retain Mr. Tangier, and to ask for an appointment. Punctually at two, Mr. Heeren came in, who was Mr. Tangier's junior partner. He had finished his lunch, and the attentive, observant and intelligent office-boy subsided, on the moment, into all his native obscurity. He gave to Mr. Heeren a memorandum

of the visits he had received, and the requests which had been made. He covered his copy, only begun, in his portfolio. He told Mr. Heeren who was in the inner office, and where Mr. Willoughby was, and he went for his lunch.

As he went, the cheerful office-boy reflected that, though he should only have fish-balls, followed by two doughnuts, for his lunch, while the chief could have, if he chose, roast turkey, followed by peach pie, followed by frozen pudding, and these, at that moment, happened to be the ideal bill of fare in the office-boy's mind—he reflected, I say, that he, the office-boy, had a chance to eat the Fish-Balls, while Mr. Tangier had no chance to eat those other dainties.

Had the copying-clerk's thoughts expressed themselves in words, he would have said, "A Fish-Ball in the Mouth is worth a Turkey on the Wing," and so a new proverb would have been born.

Mr. Heeren went to soothe Mr. Willoughby's indignation in the reception room. Mr. Willoughby was an important person, or thought he was, and even in that office must not be snubbed. For a moment, therefore, George, the slave of the slave of the copying-clerk of the clerk of the junior partner of the firm, reigned at the head of the hierarchy in the outer room. The hierarchy, however, had been reduced to one person, when there were no visitors. George was that lowest person in this world, who can give orders to no one.

In a moment Mr. Sennett came out with Mr. Tangier, talking as earnestly as they went in. It was clear enough, even to George, that the case was more perplexing than the average. He explained to his master, whom he did not often address personally, how the other parts of the machine were at work, and where; and then, as Mr. Tangier took his hat again, but turned back to his inner office for his gloves, George received at the door two foreign-looking gentlemen, who presented their cards, which he took to Mr. Tangier. That gentleman came out, with perfect cordiality, welcomed them both, led them into the inner office, and again the door was shut.

George reigned alone once more till the copying-clerk returned from his Fish-Balls. In a few minutes more Mr. Heeren came in, and, finding that the chief had shut the door, took his seat at a desk he had in the outer room. The copying-clerk completed the letter in Mr. Tangier's handwriting, and then began, with a type-writer, on the regular correspondence of the morning, writing from his short-hand notes. One and another visitor, in steady succession, called, and made their appointments, as before. At half-past three the foreign gentlemen left.

"George," said Mr. Tangier, "I am too late for my lunch. Go across to Hyde's and bid them send up a bowl of soup, whatever there is, and a cup of coffee. Mr. Grace will be here before I can go." And, as George left on this errand, Mr. Grace came, was welcomed, and took his turn in the inner office. When the waiter from Hyde's came in with his tray, Mr. Heeren sent him back, and bade him duplicate the order, that there might be the pretence of asking Mr. Grace to join in this hurried repast.

The two cups of coffee and the two bowls of soup were sent in, and from that time forth no one even knocked on the outside of the door of the inner office. Visitors came and went. Mr. Heeren soothed them, or encouraged them, or postponed them to to-morrow, or to a day certain, or indefinitely. The student came in who had been at work all the morning in the Registry of Deeds. He sat at his desk, plotting, so to speak, the results of his investigations. The copying-clerk copied, in one fashion or another, as the exigencies of the case required. Even George copied,

also, in
proving
even pe
more p

But t
men an
and all

At l
window
report,
by Geo
room t
tacle o
student
volume
little c
let it st
footma
attentio
of loaf

But
carriag
again
over.
his im

Mr.
Mr. H
and th
think

Geo
the co
the st
what
that, i
freys'
nor th
with M
know
and to

Lea
Tir
Tangi
manu

"I
at last

also, in such methods as he had acquired—not the best known, but gradually improving—and he took such lessons as were suggested by the copying-clerk. He was even permitted to try the type-writer, when the copying-clerk was at work with a more primitive instrument, called a Steel-Pen.

But no one ever suggested an appeal, not for one moment, to Mr. Tangier. All men and boys knew that Mr. Grace was there by appointment of great significance, and all boys and men knew that Mr. Grace was making his will.

At half-past five, George found it difficult to withdraw his attention from the window and the street outside. In the dignified discipline of this office, he made no report, whatever, of his observations. But even the copying-clerk was so impressed by George's continued study of outward nature, that he was obliged to cross the room to raise the curtain. And it was noticed that, even to his jaded eye, the spectacle on which he looked attracted him for a minute from the type-writer. Even the student then found it necessary to cross to that side of the room to take down a volume, either of Grotius or of Pickering, and his eye lingered for a moment on the little crowd without. Mr. Grace's carriage was waiting, as long as the police would let it stand; then it moved slowly up and down the street, and waited again. A footman in livery behind, and another in front with the coachman, attracted the attention of the newsboys and other pirates of the street, and so quite a little crowd of loafers had assembled on the sidewalk.

But the horses pawed without avail, and the police compelled even Mr. Grace's carriage to pass on once and again; and once and again the group dispersed, to form again when the carriage stopped again, before, at six o'clock, the conference was over. The inner office was opened to the sight of man again, and Mr. Tangier led his important client even to the head of the stairs.

Mr. Grace walked but slowly, and George and the office-boy and the student and Mr. Heeren all thought that he needed all the help Mr. Tangier could offer him, and they did not wonder that both footmen helped him into the carriage. Indeed, I think no one of them would have changed places with Mr. Grace.

George wished that his pay might be raised from three dollars to three and a half; the copying-clerk wished that his salary, instead of fifty dollars a month, was sixty; the student hoped that, when the year ended, Mr. Heeren might make some offer of what should happen when he entered at the bar; Mr. Heeren even had dreams that, if Mr. Tangier were obliged to go to Europe in that delicate matter of the Jeffreys' Trust, the whole office would be entrusted to him. But neither George, nor the copying-clerk, nor the student, nor Mr. Heeren, wished to change places with Mr. Grace, as Mr. Tangier helped him to the stairs;—though Mr. Grace was known, of all men, to have the most beautiful house in the town, a charming family, and to be the lord of untold millions.

CHAPTER II.

Least of all did Mr. Tangier wish this.

Tired—oh, so tired—faint, without knowing what the word faint meant, Mr. Tangier turned back from the stair-way, and met all the others with an anxious, manufactured smile.

"I am sorry to have kept you all so late," said he, as he put on his gloves to go, at last. He looked up to the office clock, as if he was personally guilty because it

had so far passed five o'clock, which was the time when the door should have been locked behind them all.

And he went down stairs and walked to the street-car which was to take him to his pretty home, just out of town.

Oh, how tired he was! Not in his feet or legs; but in every part of him which perceived, or remembered, or thought, or hoped—or in any sort enjoyed. It would have been better for him, and he knew it would have been better for him, to walk the five miles which parted him from Glendean. But even for that he had not time. He knew that he had missed the car which he relied upon, and that, at best, he should be late for his dinner.

Once in the car, he had a faint, faint hope that no one would know him. He remembered that hero of Hawthorne's, who wore the black veil in all horse-cars of his day, so that people might not recognize him and speak to him. Poor, baited and harried Mr. Tangier wished that he dared wear such a protecting veil. But that was not to be. One of his neighbors, who had been away for months, took the next seat, and saluted him at once. Poor Mr. Tangier knew that he was, himself, in for a conversation, five miles long.

Once more he braced himself up. Indeed, he knew that "there was no act of parliament that he should be happy." He was glad to see Mr. Curtis looking so full in the face—and with a good sun-burned color—and he said so.

"You are a great stranger, Mr. Curtis. I am glad to see you looking so well."

But, alas, poor Mr. Curtis was not well, and never would be, and he knew it. He gave his hand cordially to the other, but said, a little slowly, and with that wretched evidence that speaking occurred with pain and did not come easily, "I—look—better—than—I am. Paralysis,—you—know."

"Indeed, you do not show it," said poor Tangier, as cheerfully as he could.

"If—if—you saw me—saw me—get along without my left hand, or try—or try to, you would know," said Mr. Curtis, who seemed determined not to accept any of the commonplace conversations of every-day civility.

Mr. Tangier was courageous, and he could brace up to most duties of society. But five miles of symptoms, and one story of failure, was more than he dared to stand, and when the car stopped first he bade Mr. Curtis good-bye, and left it hastily. He walked half across the town, and rang the bell at the door of his life-long friend, his classmate, and his physician, Morton. To his joy he found Morton in, in a dressing-jacket, with his feet on a foot-rest, and his back to the sunset, which glorified the bay. Morton did not even pretend to rise.

"How are you, old fellow!" cried he. "What luck to be in—there is your chair, and there is another for your feet. No man ever did anything worth doing, with his feet on the ground. So I will not stand up, even for you."

He put down the copy of the *London Truth*, which he was looking at, and lay back in the easy-chair, the picture of repose.

Mr. Tangier felt the subtle influence of the place, and the easy manners of his host, as his host meant he should. He could not at once plunge into the story of his ailments and worries, as he had meant to do. He sank into the easy-chair at which Morton pointed, and before he knew it, he was sipping a cup of tea which some attendant had brought in. Before he knew it, again, they were both talking Bulgarian politics, and then discussing Gladstone, and then Morton was describing Gambetta, and then they fell back on some old story of college times. The spells of the magician began to work, and when, at seven o'clock, Mrs. Morton came in, pretty

and cheerful, and summoned them to dinner, Tangier found himself quite alert, ready to laugh with her, to give her his arm and to lead her in. A long, merry, cheerful, family dinner followed, and Mr. Tangier was really a new man when, two hours after, Mrs. Morton said, "we shall find it pleasanter in the red parlor," and led the way.

"You must excuse me," said Mr. Tangier. "I should have been at my house two hours ago. Mrs. Colquitt will scold me awfully, when I come. And now I want a word with your husband." So the two men went back to the doctor's comfortable library. They sat down as before; Mr. Tangier declined a cigar, and the doctor did not light one.

"I did not come to dine," said Tangier at once, "and I did not mean to stay ten minutes. I wanted to talk to you again about my sleep, or what you would call 'insomnia.' Since I saw you, I have had some new experience." And at some length he went into the details of his overworked life, his late meals, his failing appetite, and his sleepless nights.

He was a little annoyed that Dr. Morton asked no questions, and even affected to be a little bored.

When Mr. Tangier had wholly done, he said, "And that is about all."

"Yes," said Morton, "is it? I do not quite know why you want to tell it to me?"

"Who in the world should I tell it to? You do not suppose I talk my ailments to all the world—like poor Curtis."

"No," said Morton, "that is just what I do not suppose. So I do not know why you bring them here—why I must hear them."

"You!" cried the other, "because you are my medical adviser. I have come to you for advice. You must tell me how to get rid of these things."

"My dear fellow," said Morton, "do be serious. I am your friend. I am your very good friend. But I am not your physician."

"You, not my physician. Why not! When did that happen?"

"I have not been your physician since—since—April 28th," and he looked at his note-book. "You came on the 27th, for advice, much as you come now. I gave the best advice I could. You did not take it. That was the end."

"Simply, my dear fellow, I will not be responsible for a patient who does not give me his confidence."

"Confidence, my dear friend," said Tangier, amused at the other's manner, "I have absolute confidence in you. Do you suppose there is another man in the country to whom I would have told what I have told to you?"

"No! perhaps not. But it is a confidence of lips. You do not obey me. I tell you that you are killing yourself; you laugh, and say you know better. I tell you to change your manner of life. You go on just as you did before. If you were not a man of sense, I should say you really believed that I had a bottle labelled 'Health' in yonder, and had only to give you five teaspoonfuls and you would be well. There is no such bottle."

"For my part, I will not have the disgrace of being the medical adviser to a man who will not obey me. Your case is not mine. You can go to any one else you like. I shall not be wounded."

Tangier was certainly staggered by the earnestness with which his friend spoke.

For two minutes neither spoke.

Then he said, "You suggested my going to Europe."

"Yes, if you would go to Spain, or Naxos, or Archangel, or somewhere where there are no mails, where your Mr. Heeren would not be sending immediate delivery letters, and cables a mile long, after you every day."

"I hate Europe as a medicine," said Tangier.

"I should think you would. There are as good Spains, and Naxoses, and Archangels, within sixty miles of you; if only you cut the wire behind you, as they say Grant did once—or was it Sherman?"

"That would be better," said the other.

"Where shall it be? You shall say."

"No," said Morton, "it shall not smell of this shop. You know that woman who said she thought asafetida was the smell of doctors, when she was a child. One place is as good for you as another, so there is no door bell, no mail, and no telegraph. Give such orders to your clerk as you know how to give. Go off for a month, and then come and see me again."

"Morton, you are a trump. Let me have to-morrow to give the orders, and the next day you shall see me no more!"

And they parted.

CHAPTER III.

And the next day Mr. Tangier gave the orders. "He gave them with a vengeance," as the copying clerk said to George, almost in a whisper, so overcome with awe was he.

Mr. Tangier told Mr. Heeren that he was to be away for a month. "I am not going salmon fishing to Labrador, but it is just as if I were. Nothing is to be sent after me, and nobody. This is the 29th of May; on the 30th of June you will see me. We will write the necessary notes now, and to-night I shall bid you good-bye. It will be your business to show that the office can do just as well without me as with me." This he said, with his old good-natured, open smile, which rejoiced Mr. Heeren more than anything he had seen on that care-worn face for six weeks before.

Then Mr. Tangier looked up a letter from Mrs. Dunster. It was an office letter, six months old. He had had to give some advice, as an old friend of her father's, about the probate of a will, and he had gladly given it. He remembered perfectly well that she had said, when she wrote to thank him, "that, if he ever wanted to run away from noise and smoke, he had better come to them, and hear the whip-poor-wills and bull-frogs." That was in late summer. There would be no bull-frogs now.

The letter proved to say still what it said before, and Mr. Tangier wrote this letter:

"Dear Mrs. Dunster.—The time has come. I shall take my carpet-bag to-morrow and go into retreat. Please find somebody who has a nice room for me, and you may as well not mention my name. Indeed I should be glad if no one knew where to mail a letter to me.

Truly yours,

JEFFREY TANGIER."

Then Mr. Tangier put this letter in his pocket. He rang for the railway guide, and this lay on his desk when the copying-clerk came in to "take" the letters. Mr. Tangier and Mr. Heeren dictated one hundred and fourteen letters that day, explaining that he was called suddenly out of town. At lunch he disappeared, and for one month the office saw him no more.

"I will start to-morrow morning," said Mr. Tangier. He took his guide again, and began the difficult study of the minute and hour of his train. The university of the future will have foundations in colleges, to support teachers who shall understand time-tables, and show young men how to use them. Mr. Tangier had studied other things, and worked out only with difficulty the problem before him.

It was, in his case, specially complicated. He lived so far out of town that, as he well knew, he could more easily strike the local station of the Cattaraugus road, than go into the city and start from the great central terminus. He knew perfectly well that, to make his connections in the interior, he must take the early train out of town. He did not know whether, or if, or how, the local station would accommodate him.

He began, as he always did, by study on the wrong side of the page. After he had made one or two memoranda, which he himself could not reconcile, he found he was reading down where he should be reading up, and that he must find another set of columns. Here time did go forward and not backward, as it had seemed before. And here, accordingly, he found, as he had feared, that the early train out of town ran as an express for thirty miles, and that he could not take it at his station.

His next affair then was to see what train, yet earlier, would take him up to Wentworth Junction—the Suez of his part of the world—where every traveler, from every quarter of that world, changed his train for another train, at certain hours pre-ordained.

Clear it was, now, that other people lived who had his necessities. Early as was the early express, there was a local train still earlier. "These people understand their business," said Mr. Tangier, not displeased. "I am not the only man who has done this thing." Till this moment he had supposed he was; so mad indeed, as it seemed to him, was the rising, almost with the sun, to go on this visit to an unknown region, to try this strange adventure with these unknown friends.

But he was determined. From the moment when he gave his word to Morton, this thing was sure. Midnight or sunrise, he would start when the fates directed. Nor did he even congratulate himself that they had decided on sunrise rather than midnight.

He hunted up a peculiar portmanteau, which still bore the custom-house permit of his last landing from Europe—and which he had not seen since the day it took in the last waifs and strays from his state-room on the Germanic. He opened it—and there still lay, in the bottom of it, the card of that Colorado cattle-man he used to walk the deck with. He remembered grimly how he had sunk half an hour in hunting for this man's address in his papers. Here it was.

He packed, or thought he packed. He wound up his watch, and it was after midnight. This was the beginning, then, of his obedience to Morton's instructions, and of securing regular sleep by beginning to undress at half-past nine. He knew he must be out of bed at quarter-past five. Five hours' sleep was to be the beginning of Morton's new regimen for sleeping.

But the machine did its duty. By that mysterious law, which nobody yet understands, he woke at quarter-past five, just so far as to pull out his watch from his pillow and to strike it. "Five and a quarter," said the faithful slave, just as the faithful machine made up of nerve, and sinew, and bone, had said; and in new wonder at that miracle of consent, Mr. Tangier kicked off the bed-clothes. He stood erect and said aloud,

The faithful Donjon clock had numbered two,
And Wallace tower had sworn the tale was true.

He staggered across to the pitcher and bowl. He sponged his head with the sharp, cold water which stood ready, and the happy moment of morning omnipotence began.

"Fortune favors the brave," he said, almost aloud, as he let the door swing behind him, and with his little hand-bag stepped out into the delicious morning air. He had let the housekeeper make him a cup of coffee and a bit of toast, but he was rather a convert to French fashions, and he had meant not to take his proper breakfast until he arrived at Tenterdon. Tenterdon was the oasis hidden away in the desert, yet not so far from the ocean, where lived Mrs. Dunster, who was the only person in the world who had his secret.

"Fortune favors the brave," he said, for he really felt as if this exquisite sweetness of perfume, this softness, yet exhilaration in the air, and the mist just doubting whether it would stay or go, were all one special gift, manufactured for him exclusively by the good powers to whom the fortunes of his section of the world were entrusted. Then he saw a young fellow, who was hurrying to his street-car that he might be at his post in time, and Mr. Tangier remembered that that young man rose at this hour every morning. Perhaps he thought the revelation of sun and sky, and gracious mist, and fragrant air, was all for him. Perhaps it was. Or, more probably, it was for both of them, and for that woman yonder also, who had been "watching" all night with poor Mrs. Doubleday, and had now been relieved by the day nurse. Perhaps it was for all of them.

But Mr. Tangier met but few nurses relieved, or clerks beginning. He was just too early even for the seven o'clock people. In the city where he was a slave, the different work-people might have been divided in classes, as they began at seven o'clock, at eight o'clock, at nine o'clock, or at ten. He had always been one of the nine o'clock kind. Now that he had emancipated himself, he was inaction even before the seven o'clocks, and those of them who lived in his pretty Rosedean, had to be on the alert at six, or a little after. It was not long after five o'clock now. And here was Mr. Tangier wondering, and philosophizing a little, on that daily waste of beauty and ecstasy of life, which for Rosedean let the sun, and the sky, and the wind, and the mists, and the birds, and the trees, set the scene every morning for a celebration which so few people of the human variety chose to look upon. All the more, however, did Mr. Tangier enjoy the spectacle, now that he was the principal actor.

Queer enough, and he noted the queerness as he walked, and wondered that the long rays of the sun in the morning look as they do in the evening, the thing he was reminded of most was, not another morning like this, but a simulated morning at the opera. He had to feel for the name of an exhilarated tenor, whom he remembered as the curtain rose for "*Somnambula*"; he remembered the way the stage was set for sunrise, and the gayety of the tenor as he stepped down from the back to the footlights, and sang,

Behold how brightly breaks the morning.

And again Mr. Tangier philosophized a little.

It was queer that he should have seen the sun rise at the theatre more often than he had seen it in the sky!

He had a walk of half an hour, and then he found that he had studied his Pathfinder so ill, and that he had allowed so extravagantly for one delay and another which had not taken place, that the station-house was not open. Nay! great advertisements of the trains made it due that he need not go by that early "*succursale*," or train of supply, but that the great through express would, after all, pause on the wing, in its

majestic flight, to clutch so worthy, though so slight, an atom as Mr. Tangier. Apparently he was to spend some thirty-five minutes, sitting or standing on the steps of the station-house.

No! it was not so written. And Mr. Tangier, who was learning many lessons, now learned one which served him well through all his vacation. Clearly enough, this suburb was astir, though his lovely Rosedean was asleep. In three minutes all was changed. The ill-tempered station-master appeared, a minute late; it was because he was late that he was ill-natured. In a few minutes more, the first of the ingoing trains appeared, and, to feed it, men seemed to spring out of the ground, each with a tin lunch pail in his hand. It passed and Mr. Tangier was alone again, with the station-master.

And now it was that he learned that that French cup of coffee with its slice of toast was but a faint stay for a man who walked in fresh morning air two miles, and had eighty more miles before him. So he asked, a little crestfallen, of a stray lad who appeared with a lunch pail, whether there was any place where he could find breakfast.

"Porter's, of course," said the other, as he might have suggested the pump had Mr. Tangier asked for water.

"Porter's!" He had hardly thought of the place since they drove across in triumph, to have their Sophomore class supper there!

Could it have looked quite as dingy and snuffy then?

No matter for looks. He was on the quest for adventures, as Amadis might have been, and here was adventure number one. This was his enchanted castle, and he passed in.

The damsel he discovered was not interesting to the eye, but when he asked for breakfast, his question was taken as the question of a fool might have been. Why else should they all be out of their beds, indeed, but to prepare breakfast for anybody who wanted it—for him, if he chose to come, and for fifty others as good as he?

No one said this in words to Mr. Tangier, but this was the lesson he learned.

That is to say, it was not till one of the damsels he found, not very tidy of dress nor over-attractive to the eye, ordered him to a seat at a table where sat some others, among seven other tables, at each of which eight men were sitting; it was not till then, that it fairly dawned on him, on this morning, that his early rising was not a thing utterly exceptional and extraordinary.

But here were sixty other people, at an insignificant way-side inn, who had risen as early as he.

And, beside these, that morning train had taken into town five hundred others, many of whom had risen earlier.

In a minute more, he had another lesson taught him.

It was that quite as good provision was made for these people's comfort, as he was used to have for his own, though it came in different forms.

His plate was heavy, but it was clean.

His napkin was coarse, but it was clean.

The tumbler at his side was of pressed glass, but it was clean.

In thirty seconds, the un-beautiful damsel had brought him a steak which was perfect, a baked potato which was perfect, two or three forms of bread which were perfect. She brought him a cup, which could have been fired from a cannon without being broken. But the coffee in it was better than had been given him at home; better than Hyde's people had sent him and Mr. Grace the day before.

The lesson which Mr. Tangier learned was, that he had better thank God that he was not alone in the world, but that he was one of the People, and to thank God also that the People had very much its own way.

He could not but remember, as the un-beautiful girl slammed his breakfast down on the table before him, that at Hyde's, where they would have served it elegantly in china, they would have served it cold, after he had waited twenty minutes. The first memorandum he was to make in his vacation note-book was to be: "The People will not stand nonsense."

To be continued.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.,
Oct. 13, 1886.

To the Editor of LEND A HAND:

Though not a "mother of daughters"—only a Brooklyn girl—may I venture to suggest a few thoughts to B.'s "Idle Girl?" Not that I can sympathize with her lonely, unoccupied life, for a large city, and a large family, furnish constant employment to me.

Accepting the statement that the young lady is really narrowed to the environments of her home, with no possibilities of church or Sunday-school work; no poor families to encourage; no societies with which to labor; and, in her home, no duties to relatives or servants—still, I think she might find enjoyment and growth, although a perfect stranger cannot know the hindering circumstances; and so my thoughts may be entirely useless to this particular girl.

Has she no friends—of her school-life or childhood—to whom a visit to her home, where music and books abound, would be as an ideal realized? The whole tenor of some girl's life—starved for want of study, of enjoyment—might be changed to something higher and nobler, could a Christian girl, with wider opportunity, receive her as a friend, and let her revel in sunshine. Such needy ones are sometimes poor, with nothing but work in their lives; sometimes rich, living in the emptiness of an unthinking, fashionable life. In either case, they may

lack warm-hearted, intelligent friendship, and a country home.

But, perhaps no outsider is permitted to enter this home. Yet, may be, this educated "Idle Girl" can write. Does she know of the "Shut-in Society?"—where letters are the one source of pleasure to weary invalids. Can she not send bright letters, full of books and songs, birds and flowers, to some one, who else would never have time, strength or ability to think of them? The hospitals would furnish names—the homes, the bureaux of charities.

Or, might she not, by correspondence with distant friends, form a coterie of interested coöperators, to supply some of the foreign missionaries with Christmas boxes, full of chromo cards, toys, wools, and odds and ends most girls can furnish by ransacking hoarded possessions?

I know some girls who are supplying an incipient medical college for women, in North India, with skeleton, charts, etc. They are not rich, nor did they give a fair; but their hearts are in it.

With a talent for sewing, or painting, or music, what may she not do, either by gifts or that great boon, instruction, to some poorer girl?

Perhaps none of these things may be practicable. Yet I could not help expressing even a little regret for so forlorn a girl, who had nothing to do, and is sorry for it.

Respectfully yours,

SARAH TRUSLOW.

A su
and sle
roads,
streets
with Cl

May
Neale's
though
house s

"Co
room b
the stre
for you
riding
and ve
more w
and be

"O
and do
sleighi
and fi
it can
table-s
and I
shades
only o
there's
Lizzie
Mrs.
or fou
memb
haven

"I
Neale
up, fr
a fine
pletec
were
some
ing, c
"N
sume

ALICE NEALE'S CHRISTMAS GIVING.

BY OLIVE E. DANA.

A SUNNY afternoon in mid-December, and sleigh-bells jingled along the country roads, with cheerful loads, while the city streets and crowded stores were thronged with Christmas shoppers.

May Allen opened the door of Mrs. Neale's neat kitchen and stepped in, though the room had no inmate and the house seemed still.

"Come in," a clear voice said, from a room beyond; "I saw you coming down the street with your work. I didn't look for you to-day; thought you'd be sleigh-riding; but mother is out, and I'm alone and very glad to see you. I've only a bit more writing to do; then I'll get my work and be sociable."

"O keep on with your writing, Alice, and don't mind me. I should have been sleighing but for the things I've got to do and finish. The first of the season, and it can't last long, Rob says. But this table-spread for mother is so much work, and I can't work evenings on it, the shades bother so. And you know I only decided on it a week ago. Then there's Aunt Nell's toilet-set and Aunt Lizzie's doilies just begun, and a tidy for Mrs. Hayden, and I've thought of three or four people whom I should like to remember, only I can't afford to buy, and haven't time to make anything more."

"I should think not," returned Alice Neale, as she closed her desk and took up, from the depths of her work-basket, a fine, heavy, knitted skirt, not quite completed. And the fingers flew while tongues were busy, with occasional alarms lest some one should intrude, without warning, on their privacy.

"Now, there are the Gillett girls," resumed May, "next house to us. There

are four of them, and they go to our church, and they haven't much to spend or wear. If I had time, I could make them hoods, or mittens, or round capes, or something of the sort, useful and pretty. If I had only been thinking about these things beforehand! I believe I'll begin the first of January to get ready for Christmas next year. Now, I suppose you've provided presents for half the poor children, and lonesome folks, and aged people, and people no one else will remember, in town. I know you of old. Confess, now, that you have enough gifts to fill a moderate-sized tree already."

"O no! I think I do not make as many presents as most people."

"But you make them where most people would not, and the cheapest of them have a fitness that most of our things never do. Really, Alice, I wish you would tell us how you manage."

"I don't spend very much on my gifts," responded Alice. "I cannot."

"Mabel Ray says they're not going to give anything to each other, at their house, this year. They've agreed to give it to the hospital. And a friend, in Lawrence, writes me of devoting what she usually spends at the holidays to another charity."

"Yes; mother and I were speaking of such plans only yesterday. If one had money to spend, it would, perhaps, be a good way. But we don't spend enough to count very much anywhere. And, sometimes, I think some gifts—which have no look of alms-giving, and are for those who would be quick to detect any condescension—are charities, kindnesses, duties, as real as any benefaction I know of."

"I knew you were planning such gifts."

I know last year where some of your 'thoughts' went. And if I can be working a little in the summer and fall, as well as from Thanksgiving to Christmas day, and if I can learn some of your ways, I'll be better prepared, too, another year."

"If you'd really like to see some of my little things," Alice said, after a minute, "they are right here." And she unlocked a deep drawer just beneath her desk.

"This," she said, taking out a small, crimson-covered book, "is for an invalid friend. You have heard me speak of Lena Burton? She has spinal disease, is very closely confined to the house, and much of the time to her chair. Such a dear girl! She hasn't been to church for fifteen years; never expects to go again, she says. I always think of her Sundays, and so, months ago, I began this. I have written a scripture passage, a paragraph or two, sometimes more, from some nice, favorite author—sometimes scattered thoughts I've seen—once or twice something I've been thinking of—and some lovely little devotional poem, such as Faber, or Bonar, or McDonald, or Lucy Larcom, or Mrs. Sangster, or Whittier, has written for every Sunday in the year. See, I have dated them carefully, and given authors, when possible, and I've chosen the most suggestive and beautiful, and not too familiar, things I could find for it. Don't you think she'll like it? She always has a score, yes, two score of lovely presents, all kinds of things; but I thought this might be different, perhaps, from what one would buy."

"Like it? Why, Alice, it's exquisite, inside and out. And what a lovely thought!"

"The book, you see, is just one of the nicer blank-books, and I decorated the cover a little."

On the crimson leather of the cover she had painted a spray of forget-me-nots; this for the back cover. The front bore lilies of the valley, with a straying vine,

and, in quaint lettering, the text, "The Word is nigh thee."

"Then," resumed Alice, while May turned the leaves of the little book, "I wanted to send something to an old friend of ours away up among the mountains, where we went last year. She is fond of reading, only she hasn't much that's good to read, poor soul! She especially enjoys the poets, and she knows half of Whittier, and Longfellow, and Miss Havergal—whose life and poems we contrived to send her last Christmas—by heart. So this year I've been saving the best poetry that came in my way, and I got another larger blank-book, a plainer one, but good enough, isn't it? And I feel quite proud of my 'anthology.' I think it compares very favorably with some collections of poems I've seen in pretentious volumes. Anyway, it will be a comfort to Aunt Experience—yes, that's her name, and she is 'aunt' to the whole township. And here is another of the same sort. Cousin Martin, Uncle Jack's oldest, over in Rockville, this is destined for. When our club bid off this year's magazines, the volumes of *Harper's* came to me, also the *Wide-Awake*. So, with father's help, I bound the numbers very carefully, and as nicely as I could, and it makes quite a presentable volume. Not so much clumsier than the book-binder would send. I know he'll be glad of it for the little book-case that holds what he calls his library. And, if I can, I shall bind the *Wide-Awake*, in the same way, for his sister. Why, May, one of these books, homely as they are, would have made us rich at fifteen! I know, if I had a book at Christmas, and another on my birthday—I did sometimes, not always—I was better pleased with the prospects of 'my library' than later and more prosperous years have ever made me. But my presents are not all books. This apron—butter's linen, with a spray outlined in the corner—I stamped it myself,—is for Aunt Harriet.

She looked so wistfully at one I had on one afternoon, sewing, I was ashamed to remember the two dark calico ones I had made for her the Christmas before, though I really thought those would be best. So this year I made her this, and a tidy of the same material, with a larger pattern outlined, and a deep fringe raveled and tied for the bottom, I have made for Aunt Mary. They cost very little."

"And are as pretty as need be, and far more serviceable than the painted satin I've fussed over."

"Then old Miss Greyson has always admired my crazy patchwork. And I had plenty of bits of silk and velvet left, so one afternoon I put together this little tidy for her. I had the lace to trim it."

"That's pretty, too. I might have done one of them, if I'd thought. Alice! brains and thoughtful kindness are as large an element in your pretty work, and in all you do, as they ever were in the colors that painter mixed so famously for his pictures."

"But the rest are, for the most part, very simple and common. And I have bought a few things. Two or three presents, I especially wanted to make, I bought last summer, by some little contrivances, or economies, I have half forgotten what. And this bit of color I daubed on myself." She held up a panel, on which were painted autumn leaves — maple, scarlet and yellow and russet. "Though it is 'amateurish,' I think it will give the recipient more real pleasure in all that, poor as it is, it may remind her of, than some piece of elaborate embroidery. And the easel Charley made for me. Then this little engraving," holding up an engraving of rare beauty and suggestiveness, a copy of a certain famous picture by a saintly painter, "I found, one day, would cost only as much as the material for a splasher I was going to make. And if it were I, I would much rather pin a com-

mon towel behind my wash-stand, or a clean newspaper, and have this to look at when tired or discouraged. That is all, save mother's skirt, which is surely eminently useful; father's mittens (I learned of grandma to knit); and the little deep cape I've made for grandma herself. Father, mother and I unite in getting one good present for brother Charley, rather than two or three little things."

"Oh! there are two or three holders."

"Yes; that one, and the other like it, I shall hang on the tree—just a flower, from cretonne, appliquéd on dark cloth, and a bright binding and loop to finish. As good as a tawdry Christmas card, isn't it? That one will be gay and cheerful behind Miss Laplin's little coal-stove in her own snug little room; and the other I hope to see hung in Mrs. McGinnis's kitchen. No, I've not worked so hard or steadily on them as you think. An evening now and then, a little time afternoons, and once a day, when I could do little else, with odd moments now and then, have sufficed to do them all. It is the planning and looking ahead that tells and makes it possible."

"And the kindly purpose, and loving thought, and willing heart," May added, repeating, after a moment or two, those familiar, significant lines of Lowell's:

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,

Although no home were half so fair;

No simplest duty is forgot,

Life hath no dim and lowly spot

That doth not in her kindness share.

She doeth little kindnesses

That most leave undone, or despise,

And nought that sets one's heart at ease,

Or bringest happiness or peace,

Is low esteem'd in her eyes.

Blessing she is; God made her so,

And deeds of week-day holiness

Fall from her noiseless as the snow,

Nor hath she ever chanced to know

That aught were easier than to bless.

MY ASSISTANT PASTOR.

BY REV. J. W. BASHFORD, PH. D.

I AM asked by one of the editors of LEND A HAND what a club of boys or girls can do to help their pastor. I answer with a story. A few years ago, when preaching in Boston, I was favored with an assistant pastor. Not that we called him an assistant pastor. In fact, he never knew that he held that office. I did not know it myself until after he was gone, and the church did not know it until I told them. But an assistant pastor is one who helps the pastor to do good and build up the church. As I was looking at his photograph one day, it suddenly recalled a person whom he had brought into the church, and then another, and then another. I put upon the back of the card the initials of the persons whom he had brought into the Sunday-school, and then of the persons whom he had helped bring into the church, and, after seeing how much he had helped me in two years, I put on the front of the card, under his face, his initials, F. F., and his title, A. P. I did not give him a theological title, because he had not graduated from a theological school. This was because he was only eight years old. Moreover, as the church did not know he was an assistant pastor, she did not pay him \$1,000 or \$1,500 a year. This was a great saving. What is stranger still, and perhaps never happened in the case of another assistant pastor, my assistant was not even a member of the church. I found him, also, in a strange way. I was called to visit his sister, who was ill with the scarlet fever. I then saw F. for the first time. He had a very troubled look on his face. One sister had died. Sister H. was very ill. F. and his brother, A., were exposed to

the disease. I knelt down and asked God to make H. well again, and to keep the boys well in body and in spirit. The Lord helped the mother and the physicians and the girl, and she became well, and the rest did not catch the fever. A few weeks later I was invited to take tea with the family. We all felt grateful, and, as we sat down around the table, the father asked me "to return thanks." This pleased F. greatly, and, after I was gone, he asked his father about praying and returning thanks. He was not a pious boy, lecturing his father and mother upon religion. He was simply a boy of common sense and conscience and of childlike faith. He believed in prayer and he believed in his father and mother, and thought they could pray as well as the minister, or the teacher at school. So he asked them why they did not pray. They did not begin having family prayers at once, but they thought much of F.'s question. A week or two later, I met the three children at Sunday-school, and was told by F. that they were to be regular scholars at our school. I next saw the father and mother, with the children, at the preaching service. The father said, half apologetically, when I shook hands with him, "F. wanted us to come." So F., in addition to asking questions about family prayers and a blessing at the table, had been the chief means of bringing three persons to the Sunday-school and five to the preaching service. The father and mother soon accepted Christ as their Lord and Saviour. I now think that the children accepted Christ as fully as the parents. But the parents thought the children too young to be enrolled as Christians. I did not know or trust chil-

dren then as fully as I do now. I remember F. saying at the time that he thought the children, too, ought to be members of the church. But we did not heed his words, and simply enrolled them as members of the Sunday-school. F. worked for the church more than many of the members. He told his aunts of the services. They came to the preaching service and, presently, to the Sunday-school. Later, they united with the church. F.'s grandfather lived about a mile from F.'s home. The boy often visited him on Saturday. What more natural than for him to tell his grandfather that he was going to meeting on Sunday, and to invite the grandfather to the service? The grandfather did not come. At that time, our church sometimes had Sunday-school concerts in the evening. I now prefer them in the afternoon, so that boys and girls may be at home at night. The assistant pastor saw that many came to the concert who did not care for a dull sermon. So he told his grandfather about the crowd at the concerts and asked him to come to them. Still the grandfather did not come. One day he said to me, "Grandpa told me the other day that, if I would speak a piece at the next concert, he would come." Other children had cut out selections from papers and magazines for me, and I had forty or fifty clippings in a large envelope. I soon found a selection for F. He learned it, and, on the night of the concert, he spoke with the other children. But the grandfather forgot to come. The assistant pastor was troubled, but not in despair. After school, the next day, he saw his grandfather. I think the aged man was rather pleased that his absence was noticed, but sorry that he had disappointed the child. He promised that he would surely come next time. So F. asked for another selection a few weeks later and told me we would surely see grandpa at church this time. The assistant pastor always studied his part well.

So, although he had rehearsed his selection to his Sunday-school teacher, yet he thought he would speak it to his father and mother before going to church. He stepped to the door to clear his throat. The steps were slippery, and he fell and struck his head. He did not seem to be badly hurt, but his father said he would tell the pastor and the grandfather that F. had hurt his head and could not come. I do not like the close of my story, because good boys obey the laws of the body as well as of the spirit, and are not so apt to die as bad boys. But the religion of Christ does not insure long life and honor on earth. It insures spiritual health and is good for us, whether we live long or die early.

The next day F. was very much worse, and, before night, our heavenly father took him home. Perhaps he had a better field of work for him in heaven than in Boston. One day, after the funeral, I was thinking about F., and I counted eight persons whom I knew he had brought into the Sunday-school, and seven persons who became members of the church, in part, at least, through him, and several who came to the services through his invitation. Did he not deserve the title A. P.?

You must not think of him as a solemn little man with a white neck-tie and a pious air. He was a cheerful little fellow who believed in prayer and prayed every day, who studied his lessons and obeyed his teacher at school, and who played with all his might during play-hours. If you will call upon me and see his picture some day, you will agree with me that he was simply a healthy, common-sense boy, who first *wanted* to help his pastor, who next *thought about ways* of helping his pastor, and who, in the last place, had the *courage, or—better—the conscientiousness, to do* what he thought would be helpful. In my next letter I will tell you *how* some boys and girls have helped their pastor. Be sure, in the

first place, that you *want* to help your pastor, and, in the next place, *think* about the subject, and, in the last place, *act up to your convictions*, and you will

find some ways of service for yourselves before my next letter reaches you. That will be better than to accept other people's methods.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

IN this sisterhood of service, calling ourselves by this significant name, "The King's Daughters," wearing the cross with the sacred watchword, "In His Name," inscribed on it, we should, in all our "Tens," and among those who are not in "Tens," but wear the badge of our order, make it the principal part of our business to get the full joy these words are intended to convey, for our measure of real service will be in proportion to our loving recognition of the fact that God is "our Father." You will find the key of all true success in the sixth chapter of St. Matthew, which opens with charity work, done either in connection with the Father, or "to be seen of men." Your life, as a daughter of the King, is to be ever with and for your Father—it is only the acting out of the commencement of the creed we have been familiar with all our lives, "I believe in God the Father;" but faith is not only an affirmation but an act, and now you are to *act* as a child having such a Father. Your one desire is to serve him, help him; and there is an abundance of work to be done—not the same work, but some work. I was much touched, a few days ago, when a young lady asked me what she could do, as a "King's Daughter," this winter, as she expected to be shut in her home in the city, instead of going to Florida as had been her custom. I inquired if she had heard of the "Shut-in Society," and found it was all new to her; and her delight was so great that, "shut in" herself, she could minister "in his name" to many less favored in outward circumstances. And so the beautiful work goes on, and my great de-

sire and object in writing this to you, dear "Daughters," especially the younger daughters, is to urge you to keep very close to "*Your Father*" in your work, and to see more and more of the wonderful privileges that are yours. As you use "his name," everything depends upon our relation to "the name." The name and the spirit of Jesus are one. The illustration that has always been helpful to me, in asking "in his name," is that of the bride whose life was one of poverty, until united to the bridegroom. She then gave up her name to be called by his name, and now she has the full right to use it. Their interests are one. I am persuaded that there are depths of joy and power in the watchword of our order that few have fathomed, and that it will take time to comprehend. It is to be hoped that the head of each Ten of the King's Daughters is quite capable of guiding into a deeper spiritual life, and this she should endeavor to do in the meetings of her "Ten";—helpful books could be circulated for this purpose, prayer for each member of the "Ten," daily, a watching over each other in love; in short, emphasizing the spiritual side of our work, never forgetting that to *be* is always more than to *do*, and yet they need never be separated. I know of a Ten called "The Truthful Ten." They have taken (13th of 1st Corinthians), to live, daily, the chapter which embodies the mottoes of our creed, Faith, Hope, Love. This Ten meets once a week to make useful and fancy articles, the proceeds of which they devote to some benevolent purpose, and thus "the beauty of the Lord our God"

is upon them; and the "work of their hands" he will establish. The winter of 1886 is before us; let it not be an idle one. Let us work and *Let us pray!* Beautiful daughters of the King are leaving our side, going on to the palace of the King, and we are showing the kind things they did for us "while they were yet with us," and the little offerings of love just to "help a little." How much more they are to us after they have done it for the last time! This may be your last winter. The "hand" that you can "lend" to-day may be very quiet and cold to-morrow. Could

we do better as his daughters when we go to "our Father in secret," or when we meet our "Tens" in our drawing-rooms, than to pray, "in his name," the beautiful petition from our Book of Common Prayer, "Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favor, and further us with thy continual help, that in all our works begun, continued and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy name and, finally, by Thy mercy, obtain everlasting life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen!"

MARGARET BOTTOME,

President of The King's Daughters.

A HINT.

In the long list of accidents filling every daily paper, one fact is always apparent, and that is the small provision made in manufactory, or any point where numbers are employed, for such emergency. The ambulance and the attendant surgeon follow even a military picnic, but the coal-shift or caboose, the saw-mill, and, indeed, any point where machinery is employed, need their services no less. Our wounded on the field of labor number yearly more than needed surgeon in some of our heaviest battles, yet there is absolutely no provision for these men outside the general hospital. Often the delay before bandages or simple appliances can be had, means death, or long delay in return to health. Railway service especially holds constant liability to the minor accidents, yet there is hardly a caboose or freight house where arnica and sticking plaster, lint and bandages, are to be had. It is somewhat of a satire

on a huge corporation, that it owes to one of its employes an institution which has become known along the line as "Fred's Pouch," and which owes its origin to the fact that Fred himself had fractured a rib, crushed a foot, mangled a finger, and dislocated a knee joint, and lay for hours on the floor of a caboose till surgeon could reach him and the necessary appliances be had. "Fred's Pouch" was the result of these hours of waiting, and holds now in many a freight house honorable place, but it is filled by the men usually, and not by the employer. If prison, and reformatory, and every point where the criminal may suffer, are protected, why not much more those places where honest men are toiling?

"You have to turn rascal, before you get much looking out for," one of these workers said the other day, and there would seem to be a seed of truth in the complaint.

How difficult for the Indian to value justice, he is denied all participation in its civilization, when, with such manifest in-

fruits.

COMPARATIVE ANTIQUITY.

BY WILLIAM H. MCELROY.

(Pemberton's Corner is the oldest building in Albany, New York.)

PEMBERTON'S CORNER. Ask it when
It greeted first the sons of men,
And, proud, it answers, "Seventeen-ten."

Answers proud, as if to say,
"Where is the pile, with years so grey,
That antedates my natal day?"

And oft the grizzled-gabled sage—
So it is writ on memory's page—
Has won my homage, due to—Age.

But here its boasted stretch of years
A very narrow span appears;
A thing for scornful Roman jeers.

For here the traveler comes and goes
'Mid ruined walls, that first arose
When Time was in his swaddling clothes!

So, as I muse these scenes among,
Where Cæsar ruled and Virgil sung,
Old Pemberton's seems dreadful young.

So young, indeed, that, as I stray
Along the wasted Appian way,
It seems to date from yesterday!

Rome notes it with a lofty smile,
And firmly is convinced the while
That gables are the latest style.

Oh, Pemberton's! Ne'er, ne'er again
Within my bosom shalt thou reign
As Nestor of the old home plain!

The spell is broke; the vision dies;
The scales have fallen from my eyes;
The quaint Dutch Idol broken lies.

Rome, May, 1885.

BARTY, THE LITTLE VAGABOND.

BY MISS ANN ABBOT.

PREFACE.

SOME traits and incidents in this story may be remembered, perhaps, in real life, by members of the Boys' Aid Club, who have for thirty years given sympathy and aid to the young, and more especially to destitute and struggling boys. The writer will have failed in her purpose, if there are no young readers who are convinced that any brotherly kindness from them has a far deeper, as well as sweeter, influence than the condescending charity of the old.

CHAPTER I.

MR. ARCHIBALD LAVINGTON SMITH and his wife, returning home late one chilly, autumnal evening, found a little boy asleep on the mat in their vestibule. He was too much chilled, or too limp with sleep, to stand when they lifted him up. They took him up-stairs to put him into a warm bath, and then, with tears, Mrs. Smith unlocked a closet in which were kept all the things that had belonged to a little son, who had died, and brought out a night-gown. She kissed the child's rosy cheek as she put it on, and laid him in a little bed in her dressing-room.

It was by no means the first time they had seen the little vagabond. One Sunday, he had strayed into their pew in church, and went to sleep on the cushions. They notified the police, who said they had repeatedly taken him where he belonged, but he refused to call it home, or to abide there. He had wandered about all the summer, like a dropped kitten or ownerless dog, entering houses to be fed when hungry, and was often found at night asleep on the grass. He called himself Barty, and would have no second name. When asked to account for bruises on his soft limbs, he would only say: "*He* hits me;" "*He* kicks out at me, and I going by him;" "I darsent go anighst *him*;" "*She* starves me, so I have eat out'n the pigs' pail;" "The boys, they give me a good *hiding*—they're bigger than me."

Barty soon grew quite domestic, petted by Mrs. Smith. He clung to her hand or her dress, wherever she went, as if she had been his mother. She grew fond of him, and, but for his black hair and brown eyes, she could have almost fancied she had her dear Willie back again, especially as he was wearing some of his clothes, and playing with his toys.

One day there came a man inquiring for Barty Wheelock, and the boy screamed at the sound of his voice. Mrs. Smith ran to clasp him in her arms, and, at the open door, the man called to her, with a coarse laugh, that she might keep the cub, who was nothing to him. He had only come to bring her "a stick to lick him with." The door was shut with a bang.

When Mr. Smith came home (he was always away through the day), his wife drew him to see Barty, lying in Willie's bed. Seeing his eyes were moist, she said it was always sweet and touching to see a lovely child in his sleep.

"Their angels do always behold the face of our Father," said he, "and our boy, in his innocence, has gone to him."

"And is safe," said she. "How long will Barty be so, if we let him leave us?" And she told him that, now she knew he would never be claimed, she wanted to adopt him. Mr. Smith bit his thumb, thoughtfully, and talked of something else.

Weeks stretched into months, months into years. Barty called Mrs. Smith "mamma," but never could be persuaded to give her the title of *mother*. One word of praise or blame from Mr. Smith had more effect on him, as he grew older, and stronger, and more wilful, than his mamma's scolding or caressing. It was of no use for her to send him off to school; his roving disposition made him a constant truant. But he learned to write and read tolerably from her, and cyphering he enjoyed from the time he learned to count with chestnuts, owning them as fast as he could number them. Barty was obedient in general, through grateful love; but he never acknowledged any authority at all. He was nobody's *own* boy, he knew.

The question of a regular adoption again came up. Mrs. Smith was quite angry with her husband for shaking his head, a more definite gesture than thumb-biting.

"You doubt me!" said she, pouting.

"Even so. And myself, too. I am away, and have no chance to help you unspoil him."

"But it is so simple to sign adoption papers; then I could manage him. I should be *bound* to. Archie, I could not throw him off, be he ever so provoking."

"So much the worse for Barty. You cannot bind him, dear little woman, by your paper tether. His consent is not asked. He has no share in it, except that *we* are bound by it to support him."

"For all that I should be legally mother to him. Then he would have to call me so, and mind me."

Mr. Smith bit his thumb, and his eyes laughed.

One cold day, Mr. Smith came home early to pack for a journey. He proposed to take his wife and her pet with him. "Just the thing for the boy; children learn much by travel."

"If Barty goes, I don't!" said Mrs. Smith, pettishly.

"A motherly decision!"

"Oh, Archie! Don't you know he would mortify me continually among strangers? What a care to keep him nice! And his manners at table are so untrained still. Bidelia and her good old mother would keep him comfortable, in the kitchen, while we are gone. Let me have my way!"

And somehow she always did.

In the kitchen Barty had a staunch friend. Bidelia indulged him more even than Mrs. Smith had done, calling him "young master" and the "little gentleman." The old woman had a sharp tongue, and he repaid her snubs with roguish tricks. He turned loose terrific mice upon her. He angled for her cap, and raised it to the eaves or tree boughs. It was always *hey, ho, tantivy* for her spectacles, and they turned up in queer places—perhaps astride the nose of a bust, in the dark, deserted parlor, or looked glaringly at her from a pumpkin lantern, in the wood-shed. He peppered her snuff, he salted her tea; she found her yarn submerged in the soap-barrel. At last one of granny's taunts struck deep. The fun was over. He gave in when she divined that he was deserted for being a troublesome boy.

The snow was gone; the dreary, sloppy spring had begun, and Barty again became a runaway, turning up now and again, when in need of clothing or shelter. His favorite haunt was a stable, where he made himself useful, and was allowed a lair in the hay-loft and rations of bread and cheese. He learned to ride and to

drive, and felt as if he could groom and bridle his favorite horses, if he were only tall enough. His ear became accustomed to profane and vulgar language, used by the men under excitement, as if a contrary horse could not understand pure English. It stuck to his mind like pitch.

Mrs. Smith arrived one morning, and ran to the kitchen to find her boy. Bridget stood aghast, for Barty was there, swearing at granny, who had called him *beggar's brat*. Mrs. Smith passionately declared she would never kiss lips that had been defiled by such vulgar speech; that a dirty boy, with a strong scent of the barn about him, was only fit for the kitchen! He might remain there in future. Barty turned his back, and put his arms round the neck of Biddy, who was crying bitterly.

Mrs. Smith changed her mind, after a talk with her husband at night. He said little, except, "See what has come of your having had your way."

Barty came at her call, neatly dressed, his hair well brushed and parted. He was dejectedly obedient. But not a smile could she bring upon his face, even by showing him the presents she had brought home for him. He gave her mannerly thanks, but left the things just where she chanced to lay them down; not from any ill-temper, but pure indifference. Mr. Smith had only shaken hands with him; but his smile said a good deal to the boy, whom he had never caressed, and seldom praised. The old childish confidence in his would-be *mamma* was gone, never to be recalled. His faith was still strong in the good-will of her husband. So he sat at his feet the whole evening, talking, with boyish eloquence, of his horse friends, each having his special character and strange intelligence. A mustang, that was so balky that the best economy seemed to be to shoot him, he so won over, by blandishments and bits of sugar and apple, as to get him to earn his keep. The owner called him Barty's horse; and could he fetch him *home*, he was such a beauty, and so swift?

Mamma screamed at this request, which made both Mr. Smith and the boy laugh.

"I think I will put you with a farmer, now you are so stout and capable, Barty. With your own consent, of course. You can then learn the business of agriculture, and, if you turn out well, I will give you a share in some western lands I have been out to examine, and have bought. It is April now. What do you say?"

"I know I could be worth my keep. If he has chickens (barring turkey chicks), I know all about 'em! My own mother—well, I was not good, always, to her; but she let me have some biddies of my own doing."

"You will go?"

"Yes, sir."

"And stay?"

Barty would not promise. Mr. Smith liked him the better. Some boys make promises readily, not considering them binding when they are beyond childhood.

There was a general grin at Burton Hill Farm on Barty's arrival, with such an amount of baggage as no farmer's boy could have room or use for. A fellow named Phil Grush shared his small attic. Mrs. Smith had sent everything a boy could wish to have, but a gun! His best suits were never even unpacked.

A tobacco-box, which he imagined to be pure silver (gift of an ostler), he left with Biddy as a keepsake for mamma. An experimental *chew* had convinced him that he should never regret the sacrifice. How Mr. Smith laughed to see the gift fly into the grate! She called upon him for a considerable sum to put in the savings-bank in Barty Wheelock's name. Then she wrote him that she wished him to keep clear of the poisonous weed till he was twenty-one. Then the cash, with accumulations, would be his; otherwise, her own.

Barty's answer came back in his best copy-hand :

"Dear Mamma,—I will do as you wish. I love you, and am orful sorry I have been your troublesome boy. When I am a grown man, I shall do as I'm a mind to, for all any money. But I hope I sharn't be such a darn fool as to put that snake round my neck. My father, he didn't smoke, so my father's boy shouldn't ort to, neither."

One afternoon, Mrs. Smith got a vulgar-looking epistle, signed "Philip Grush":

"Barty has run off with my wallet he hooked. There was into it Mr. Burton's farmer's bank check he told me to get cashed for him. Nigh upon six dollars of my own, there was, and a dew bill of my last place."

In a frenzy, Mrs. Smith enclosed and dispatched six dollars, without a word, by the evening mail, and sent, also, a note of warning to the bank.

"You did!" was all Mr. Smith said when she told him of it. That poor thumb!

"Now there'll be no need for the police to hunt the wretched boy," said she, very pale. "He will be too ashamed to come here, you know. I hope I shall never see those great black eyes of his more."

Mr. Smith walked up and down the room.

"See what has come of *your* own way, Archie. As long as I had him, he never took even a lump of sugar without asking. Nor told a lie, that I remember."

"And, knowing that, you have branded him as a thief on that fellow's accusation. Not *proved*! He will come to me in the city, I hope. He can trust *me*."

Among Barty's belongings, when returned to Mrs. Smith, was an unfinished letter:

"Mr. Archible Smith.—Dear Sir,—The haying is all done, 'cept the flowed medder. All of us is tired. To-morrer, me and the Oldernay carf is going to the cattle show, long of Phil, who I hate wuss nor pizen. Mr. Burton give me fifty-two cents. She put me up do'nuts and chicken. He wanted to go, but he——"

Mrs. Smith's tears fell on the discouraging blot that had put a stop to Barty's last stated words. She and Biddy, from that day, talked of him as if he was dead.

CHAPTER II.

"Good news for a boy who wants playmates!" said the girl who came to wake Graham Hamilton. "God has given you a sister."

"Oh! Is she older than me? What's her name?"

"No name yet, for she is a tiny baby."

"Dress me quick!" and a much soiled cotton rabbit, which had been Gray's bed-fellow for about seven years, was tossed out of the window in the most heartless manner. "Too old for bunnies, I am. Soon I shall teach my sister to talk; I suppose she only says *ahgoo*, like Henry's baby sister. Hooray!"

Lucy put her hand over his mouth, as her gentle "Hush" was not attended to. "If you can be *very* quiet, we'll go and see the baby in the nursery."

Gray's wrist was caught in time to prevent his pounding on the door. He went in on tiptoe, and, after his little bow to the smiling nurse, stood in silence gazing at the sleeping infant on her knees.

"Do you love your sister?" whispered the woman.

"I don't know if I do. Perhaps, if she loves me."

"She will if you are good to her."

"I'll g
Only for
"Hus
"Can
"Oh,
a push,
warning
tried to
on all fo
"I an
like hers
"The
out, one
"Wil
"Wo
"Yes
"No,
hands b
"But
"Ver
Puttin
curls sw
ed fists.
Said
"I an
help me
"I co
"Of
"An
"I c
obligin
"Th
marked
with M
chine.
upon to
apex, a
trolled
right to
over ag
"Da
church
order.
"No
"Ma
bricks.
appeal
Havi

"I'll give her all my blocks. I shall make houses only for her. Baby, hear! Only for *you*! Ba-bee!"

"Hush!"

"Can't she hear? She doesn't seem to!"

"Oh, she hears; she does not understand." Here the tiny foot gave the blanket a push, and Graham bit his handkerchief to stop a loud laugh, Lucy holding up a warning finger. Baby waked, opened a little toothless mouth, and cried. Graham tried to work off his mirth by throwing himself on the floor, and going swiftly about on all fours. Two or three loud snickers burst forth and relieved him.

"I am sorry she has no teeth," he remarked. "Could not Grandma get her some like hers? Why do you laugh? I really want to know. Say!"

"There are teeth planted in her gums like seeds, Gray. By and by they will peep out, one by one."

"Will you please to be so kind as to pinch her just a little bit?"

"Would you have her cry, naughty boy," said the indignant Lucy.

"Yes; I never saw anything half so funny in my life," said Graham.

"No, no, they shan't hurt my sweet lamb!" cried the alarmed nurse. "Put your hands behind you!"

"But I may kiss her?"

"Very gently."

Putting his lips as far out as possible, he gave her a resounding smack, his long curls sweeping her face. He went down stairs, making passes in the air with clenched fists. He would knock anybody over that wanted to hurt his little sister.

Said Graham to his mother one day, "a little sister is a great deal of trouble."

"I am sorry she tries your patience, dear boy. Since Lucy got married, I have, to help me, only you that can manage little Mischief."

"*I can* manage her. But I do not always want to."

"Of course *you* were a trouble to somebody at her age."

"And am so still."

"I do not know of any boy who does more for himself, than my son, or is more obliging. You are my comfort."

"Thank you, mamma. I'm glad, very." And he drew from under the sofa a box marked with a straddling M, like an inverted W, and cheerfully built a lighthouse with Mary's bricks, while mamma went to run some work through the sewing machine. "I shall be her humble servant, presently," said Mrs. Hamilton, when called upon to admire the tall edifice. It fell into ruins, as he was looking about for an apex, and Mary's eyes had a roguish twinkle. It tried Gray's temper, but he controlled his resentment manfully, saying to himself, "Built only for *her*—she had a right to." At her order, he set up all the bricks on end for Rattletrap, over and over again, till he was sick of the dull task and the sound of their fall.

"Day's back aches. Can't do it another once," he cried, and began to found a church. But the little autocrat would kick the blocks away as fast as he laid them in order.

"No—'deed! Lattletrap."

"Mary want to play coach? With bells? Yes? First we must put away the bricks." Mary's officious help was only a bother, and mamma, smiling again at Gray's appealing glance, told him to leave them in a heap; she would see about that.

Having patiently assisted the only passenger to her seat, Gray drew up the reins,

and the rocking-chair had got into a regular trot, when Miss claimed the whip, and laid hands on it with a determined pull.

"Papa never gives mamma the whip! Ladies can't drive gay horses." He yielded the point, however, under the influence of screams, which bubbled into laughter at success, and then the driver got a slash across the face that made the tears flow.

"Mamma, I'm *not* crying," said Graham, as she started from the machine. "It is because it came so sharp!"

"Your dear eyes had a narrow escape—Mary must give mamma the whip." Mary sat, holding the contested implement close to her breast, while Graham's face was tenderly bathed and kissed. He was comfortable in his mind; he had behaved well. "Poh on the smart!"

"Does Mary see Gray's cheek? Very sore! Mamma loves her good son. Mary is going to be good, and bring mamma the whip?"

No; she dropped it, and came with quivering lips to be kissed. Her mother kissed her. Take her up? No, Mary knew she must put the whip into the hand held out for it, if it took all day to bring her little mind to it. Gray looked on gravely.

"Madie nau'hy." As the mother resumed her work, talking to Gray about his coming birthday, there came a storm of passionate crying, and stamping. Mother and son were still and sad, waiting for the sky to clear.

"You never took things by force, did you, from me, either," said Gray.

"What obedience is good for, when not voluntary, I suppose you know," said his mother. "I don't."

Gray laughed. At last Mary, still sobbing, and yet with April smiles, brought the whip of her own motion, was taken up, her tears wiped, and her lips kissed again and again. And, as a composing diversion, a pinch of caraways mysteriously fell among the bricks, to be hunted for a long while with hopeful quest. Graham went about his own business with a light heart.

"How did you come by that red mark across your face?" said his father, when Gray, as usual, opened the gate, or front door, for him at night.

"Oh, playing," answered the boy, running off for slippers. This was the regular answer to inquiry into the cause of rents or stains on apparel, breakage or disfigurement of household articles, or their being out of place. Careless Gray! The father would pronounce a solemn warning, or lecture, on heedlessness. The boy's eyes would readily fill, the father's heart as readily melt; then hugs and kisses were in order, and a share in the great arm-chair. On this occasion, Graham made his proud announcement that next day he should rise from his bed ten years old!

Papa said it was a wonder he had arrived at that advanced age in a sound and whole condition. Now there was hope that he would not become unsaleable before there was a chance to trade him off.

"You can't! Nobody would have me," said Graham, pouting.

"I saw BOY WANTED in a shop window this very day. I did not ask what they'd give."

"Poh!" said Gray, peevishly. There was something on his mind not easy to bring out while this unwelcome banter went on.

"A boy to dig, saw, and do an errand pretty intelligently," pursued his father—

"Pretty what? I forget, or go wrong; I bring back wrong change. There!"

"That lessens your value. At ten you will learn to drive, swim, and what not! Under ten thousand dollars in gold—"

"You could not get ten cents in copper! I'd make 'em right glad to fetch me back, I know!"

His mother saw a glitter under his eyelashes, as he kept his eyes down to hide it. It was time to speak. "This unnatural father would part with all he has in the world, except Madie and me, rather than give up his dear son."

"That is so," said Mr. Hamilton. "If there is a kinder or more useful boy, I don't want him. My son is trying to be just that boy, and that is enough for me."

What the boy wanted to talk about, but did not, was an allowance to spend as he chose. With his head on his dear father's bosom, he listened to the beating of his heart and the ticking of his watch, and resolved to be satisfied with what was done for him. For he was sure there was not too much money, since mamma had said his last new suit was awful dear! He should wait till his work might save money for papa; then he should feel better to receive it.

That night, when his mother was about to leave him, after hearing his usual regrets for thoughtless acts, and joining in his prayer, he caught her sleeve to detain her. She sat down on the side of his bed.

"Mother,"—then a pause—"is papa rich?"

"Neither rich nor poor. We are comfortable, are we not, my son?"

"O yes!" sighed the tired boy, shutting his eyes. "That is all. Good-night."

"Gray, there are tired boys sleeping on the hard floor, with their clothes on!"

"I should not be sorry to find mine already on in the morning. And, some hot night, I mean to try the floor; it would be royal cool!"

As Mrs. Hamilton descended, laughing, Bridget met her with the news that a boy was in the kitchen, wanting to sleep in the barn. She thought at once that Graham would be interested, and that he had little opportunity to know anything of poor boys. So she went out to see the lad. He was about eleven or twelve years old, she supposed from his size; and she liked his face, though it was shadowed by a snarly bush of hair, and the under lip drooped with a forlorn expression, perhaps a little sullen also. Though a stout, well-made little fellow, he leaned his back against the wall, as though he was very weary, and her heart was touched. She told the cook to give him a good supper, while she went to find an old blanket in which Tom was to wrap him up in his hay bed, in a safe place where he would be sure not to get a fall in the dark. When she came back she spoke to ask if he had any matches about him. To her surprise he stepped forward with a bow, looking up boldly as he answered, as any boy should who had nothing to be ashamed of. He smiled as he responded to her kind "good-night," and again bowed, as he turned to follow Tom. She told Mr. Hamilton she felt sure the young tramp must have seen better days, though he seemed to care little what was done for him, and to be unconscious how disconsolate his condition was.

Barty Wheelock, after three months' vagrancy, was quite at home in a haymow; quite *too* well contented!

Graham's parents, at a late hour, went to see if their boy was well covered, and, after discussion, concluded he might bear something more, very light, laid over him. They put his arms, which were over his head, down into bed; they each kissed his flushed cheek. The mother exchanged the socks and collar for fresh ones, while the father took away the chair, on which the boy had arranged his clothing, from the dewy air of the open window.

They came in afterwards to see if he was lying covered. They talked of the refugee, and hoped he was also enjoying quiet sleep, like their darling, in the never-failing love of the Father of the fatherless.

To be continued.

Woman's Work in Philanthropy.

AGES before the Christian era, the world was looking toward its gods for signs of "good-will to men."

How could it be otherwise, when, with the beginning of life, began the experience of human need, and suffering, and pain? Powerless to combat the great universal fact of misery by themselves, they looked toward a higher power which, whether embodied in heathen idol, or unseen mythological creation, or undefined force in nature, was beyond their comprehension. There was room for the exercise of imagination on all forces that they could not understand; and so they invested gods of every sort, with power to help, when they had no help in themselves, and looked outside of man for succor, and for signs of helpful good-will.

The prophecy that was written in human need, of help for suffering and sin, was read by the world's heart, long before the prophecy of holy writ was comprehended by its brain. "The light that lighteth every man, that cometh into the world" was kindled centuries before the star in the East began to glow. There was promise of peace on earth in the very anguish that grew out of discord and strife.

These, growing out of the very lack of good-will toward men, could not be what was meant for man's heritage; wars, pestilence, disease, hunger, sorrow and degradation; these met, from the first, the protest of the human soul. Help must be *some-where*, and vaguely, dimly, they saw that, in whatever form it came, it must mean good-will to men.

And when it came in the fulness of time, sent of God, heralded by angels, a great hope of the world marching on to the measure of the stars, the event had its significance in the fact of its embodiment of the divine help for human misery and need.

"He shall be a Saviour," said the record, and it was time, for the world sorely needed to be saved. He was a Saviour in every act of his life, from the babyhood in the manger, on through the tender years of healing and teaching, to the tragedy of Calvary, in which his life went out. He was a Saviour, not in the grand, divine, atoning sense alone, but in the tender, human sense, in which every follower can be like him. Many another baby, before and since the Christ child came, has been, in this human sense, a saviour to the home—a bringer of good-will. Harmony has come often to discordant, jarring spirits, by the coming of a little child. Unloving husbands and wives find it not easy to quarrel over the same cradle. Every new baby brings new love and peace on earth. Older children's hearts, however careless, all love the *little* brother or sister, and rough voices will soften everywhere in speaking to the little child. And, just in proportion as they help to soothe and soften, and render kinder the hearts that have been hardened by life, are they doing, even in baby unconsciousness, such work as the Christ child wrought.

And we, older people, too, are proving that the Christ has really come, by the same method, pursued in more mature, and conscious, and purposeful ways.

Still the world is full of questioning wanderers who have heard that Christ has come, and would find him, and, if they found him, lay all their treasures at his feet.

The star that is to guide them to him is the love-light in human eyes. The evidence and sign of his coming is in the degree of good-will that they find in the hearts of men. No matter how many cathedrals and churches have sprung up in the last eighteen centuries to mark his coming, no matter how mighty the growth of Christian institutions, and the spread of what we call Christianity, through all lands, he is here only as much as the real spirit of good-will among men will prove. He is in no cause, and no institution, by whatever name called, that fails to embody this good-will to men. He has not come yet to hearts devoid of that principle. He only will come to hearts that, opening to him, open in this spirit, also, to their fellow men.

This being true, to how many of us has the Saviour come? On how many of us has dawned the Christmas morn? If to any of us this is the first Christmas we have known, because we have only lately learned to show helpful good-will, then we can begin our new life in the Christlike spirit of a little child, and grow up into Christlikeness, just by living out, as we pass along, the love he came to show.

For it is love that is ultimately to reign in the earth. He that spreads much love abroad among his fellows, and he only, hastens the coming of the kingdom, and brings the divine Ruler swiftly to his throne.

THE TEMPLEVILLE MYSTERY.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

LET it be explained at once, to the readers of *LEND A HAND*, that this title is no synonym for "The Bloody Alley," or the "Peasant Woman's Revenge," or any of the mysteries figuring in family story papers, and forming the staple reading of the largest proportion of our reading population. But it was none the less a mystery, and discussed with an energy that would have resolved it into distinct and unmistakable elements, but for one fact, the obstinate and determined silence of the parties concerned. Theories might be formed and theories were formed, not only by the knot about the stove in the village store, but in every house in the village itself, which, up to this time, had felt not only that it had full and perfect possession of every fact, concerning every inhabitant, but that concealment was, and

must, in the nature of things, forever be impossible. It was not till speculation had exhausted itself that one of the most bewildered of the speculators, determined upon direct questioning of the parties most closely concerned, was met by calm refusal to give the slightest satisfaction. It was then that Deacon Armstrong, a pillar in the church, and an authority, not only there, but on market rates and secular matters in general, set his lips firmly, and announced, to the group about the stove, that "Templeville had always known what Templeville folks meant, and it wasn't going to begin new ways, nor stand being kept in the dark."

And it was then that Uncle Hiram, who for forty years had smoked his pipe behind the molasses barrel, a station chosen because it enabled him to see every

face in the nightly gathering, broke the silence so pronounced that "as still as Hiram Perkins," had become proverbial, and, with a wise smile, answered the angry Deacon.

"For once, Deacon, I calculate Templeville won't git its way."

There had been suspicions that Uncle Hiram could tell, if he would, and these suspicions blossomed instantly into certainty. But no method, however subtle, surprised him into any further admission, and it became certain that Templeville must go without the desired knowledge. The fact itself was a very simple one. The old Judge, hardly a month before his death, had made a new will, a reproduction of the one burned that afternoon before the perplexed eyes of Lawyer Robbins, who had driven over from the Corners to witness it, and who, discreet and silent as he had always been, eyed the old Judge with a distrust so evident, that he smiled a little even while he sighed.

"You think there's a screw loose, Robbins, and so there is, but it isn't in my head. I'm doing the best I can, and time will show that I did, or, if it doesn't, why——"

Here the Judge stopped, and the old lawyer, who had bent forward with involuntary eagerness, straightened himself slowly, as he waited for words that did not come.

"There's time enough to alter it," Robbins said at last, as he watched the Judge's face, lost in thought. "More'n likely you will alter it after more thinking."

"Not I," said the Judge, resolutely, rousing himself suddenly, and turning his keen, gray eyes on the speaker. "Read it over, Robbins, to make sure that there isn't a point where you can catch me up, or pick a hole in it, and then we'll witness it and put it all out of sight."

"Preston is in love now and won't mind, but the time is coming when he won't stand it so easily," hazarded Rob-

bins, but the Judge made no reply, and presently walked down the village street, his hands behind his back, and his keen eyes looking right and left, taking note of every man, woman and child he met, as they had done for sixty years. A month more, and the familiar presence had ceased from among them, leaving behind him a question so puzzling that, in the interest of its discussion, the sense of loss, for the time, hardly made itself felt. Preston Temple, the only son, came home from the law-school to the funeral, and, save for the slightest change of color, sat unmoved through the reading of the will, which, after providing for his mother, and specifying certain small legacies to friends and relatives, went on as follows:

"And I give and bequeath to my son Preston's betrothed wife, Mary Alexander, all the residue of my property, to be held by her inalienably until her death, in case of which event, it shall pass into the hands of trustees, hereafter mentioned, said property, of whatever nature, to be forfeited by her on any attempt to transfer it to my son, Preston Temple."

It was Aunt Minerva, whose own legacy was no compensation for the outrage inflicted on her favorite nephew, who spread through the village the fact that, practically, he was disinherited, and that somebody was responsible, leaving it to be inferred that the somebody must necessarily be Miss Alexander herself. Never had feeling run so high. The tempest raged in the Templeville tea-pot, till a split nearly took place, and it went so far that Aunt Minerva herself felt that measures must be taken to restore quiet, and spent the rest of her days in trying to bring matters to the level at which she had found them. But the formula she adopted—"After all, the Judge had a right to do what he pleased with his own"—proved ineffectual, and Templeville still held to the conviction that the estate owed it an explanation.

In the meantime, the long-deferred marriage had taken place, and Preston Temple took his wife from the old house, at the north end, where she, and two generations before her, had been born, to the old house at the south end, hardly less familiar, and still filled with the remainder of his father's busy and methodical life. Preston Temple, a grave and silent man of thirty, but no more silent than he had been from boyhood, sat in his father's great chair in the study, kept the same office, under the elms in the side yard, and in every way seemed bent upon reproducing the Judge's life from day to day. Hardly less able a lawyer than his father had been, his lines of practice remained the same, and, in spite of the doubt that at first hedged him about, the feeling that he must in some way be responsible for the extraordinary provisions of the will, confidence returned in full, and the matter was declared simply a mystery, on which it would be folly to spend more time or thought. The three years he had spent abroad probably held some offence that had decided the Judge's conduct, but there was no clue to its nature, and the steady conformity to routine, in his present life, showed that the tendency, of whatever nature, had never taken deep root. Those who dealt with him, and clients came from all quarters, noticed one peculiar fact. If the retaining fee was a check, he endorsed it on the moment, and sent out whoever happened to be assistant in the office to deposit it in the village bank, on his wife's account; if bills, the course was the same, and he carried no money, save the smallest amount of loose change. Supplies for the family came chiefly from Boston, and any dealings in the village were carried on entirely by young Mrs. Temple, who retained that name, even after the mother had taken her place in the old church-yard by the Judge, and her own hair was as white as the elder woman's had been. She had never been beautiful, yet more than one

had felt that Mary Alexander's face would hold heaven for the man she loved, and, as the years went on, the heaven made itself plain for all to see. Why her clear eyes held just the look that dwelt in them no one knew, a look that seemed to mean a yearning and a compassion almost infinite, and that watched, quietly and steadily, some struggle unknown to man, yet always present. Nothing could have been more decorous, more absolutely regular, than the life lived before all; and yet the conviction not only remained, but strengthened, in the minds of every one, that a revelation must, some day, come of a life-long sorrow, silently borne; a struggle having no end, save in death. There were no children, after the baby who had had barely a year of life, and thus the devotion between them had had no interruption. Even in his office hours she came and went, his eyes seeking her's always, as if needing some strength she had for him; and at other times they were never apart, reading, or walking together, and quite content without other society.

Dr. Gresham, who had come into the neighborhood within a few days, and had heard in the beginning the various theories current in Templeville, watched him with a curiosity more professional than neighborly. There were hints of something wrong, in the face, high-bred, reserved, even stern in expression; a look that might even have been called furtive and shrinking at moments, yet not unnatural in one who had known himself to be the subject of continuous comment for many years, and there was something else, not yet definable.

"Well-kept as he seems, he looks to me like a man who will go to pieces suddenly," the young doctor said to himself one day in church, as he watched the fine head just beyond him, the eyes fixed on the minister, but with an expression that showed the real look was inward and not outward. "He'll go to pieces suddenly,

and it won't surprise me if it happens soon," Dr. Gresham repeated to himself, and then he turned his attention to the minister's pew, and the row of sickly children, whose cases were always in the hands of whatever doctors were to be had, and who, in the intervals of regular dosing, passed from one form of patent bitters and tonics to another. But his eyes wandered back, and he found himself studying the lines of the lawyer's face, with more and more certainty that any story they had to tell must soon declare itself in tangible form.

He thought of it again, as he rode by the house that afternoon and saw the two pacing slowly up and down the garden walks, and he wondered as, late in the night, returning from the long case, he saw the light gleaming from the south window of the library. He was on horse-back, and he stopped involuntarily as he neared the gate, watching a shadow that, rising, outlined itself on the white shade, wavered a moment and then fell. Dr. Gresham sprang from his horse, tied him hastily to a picket, and, in a moment, was by the window. A low cry sounded from the room as he lifted one corner of the shade, and looked in and saw a prostrate figure on the floor, and a woman's white-robed form trying to lift the fallen head.

"Don't be frightened," he said, after a moment in which he decided within himself that he was needed. "It is only Dr. Gresham. I heard the fall, and ran in."

"Help me get him to the sofa," Mrs. Temple said, after a moment's startled pause. "He is worse than usual. I have never seen him quite unconscious before."

"Ah! this explains it," Dr. Gresham said under his breath, loosening the cravat, and noting, involuntarily, as he did so, the empty bottle and glass on the table, the books pushed one side as the reader had risen suddenly, and the overpowering smell of brandy in the room.

"It is something more than liquor," he said, after a moment. "Is there a bed near by? He must be carried to one."

"Randy will help; she is strong," Mrs. Temple said after a moment. "I will get her."

"You need a man," Dr. Gresham said; "no woman is strong enough for such a load." But Mrs. Temple only shook her head as she left the room, returning silently five minutes later with Randy, who, without a word, aided them in carrying the master to the room above, and then retreated as silently.

"Doctor! It can't be that he is gone!" Mrs. Temple said at last, dropping the hand that she had been rubbing, and turning toward him with such anguish in her tone that he started. Thus far, she had been quite silent, obeying every direction mutely, only looking anxiously toward the set face, to which no change came.

"It is paralysis, but I cannot tell how severe, until the effect of the liquor has passed," Dr. Gresham answered, and dropped the hand he was holding, in amazement, as Mrs. Temple said, with passionate earnestness, "Thank God!"

A week later, Dr. Gresham sat by the bed of the patient, still unconscious, but giving now some tokens of rousing. Mrs. Temple had gone to her own room for rest, and, as Dr. Gresham, who had taken her place, sat with his eyes fixed on the pale face, there came suddenly an answering look. He did not move. It was plain that full consciousness was there. Perhaps in entire silence lay the wisest method of letting it bring back memory, and such sense of the present situation as was needed. But in a moment his eye had told him that it was simply a rousing before the end, and he half rose as if to call some one.

Some answering look had told the story. The sick man put out his hand eagerly. "Is it the end?" he said; and, as Dr. Gresham bowed his head, said quietly, "Thank God!"

"Don't go," he added, as Dr. Gresham turned to the door. "I am quite myself. I want to talk to you. I want to tell you what only two have ever known; my father and my wife. Certainly it is right that one more should know and understand what she has borne for me. I will tell you. No Temple has ever had such a record, and I have never ceased to wonder why it has had to be mine.

"It began in college. I was a hard student, and I found, in my night work, that a little brandy toward midnight cleared my brain, and gave me the strength of two. It was my chum who suggested it, and it was he who advised a little game of cards, with small stakes, as a good way of letting down the tension. I found it so, and the thing went on, till I opened my eyes, one day, to the fact that I was not only a gambler and a confirmed drinker, but a candidate for state's prison. I had lost to Harcourt, till I was deep in debt; I had only a fixed allowance, never to be exceeded, and my father had such detestation of debt, or of dissipation in any form, that I dared not tell him the state of things. There was a small legacy coming to me in three months; I thought I could anticipate it, and make this the excuse for the act, if discovered. My father had money in a Boston bank which he seldom drew upon, and his account was balanced only once a year. I forged a check for the amount, paid Harcourt, and swore I would never touch another card, and that word I kept.

"I went home, just one week before the legacy was to be paid, light-hearted enough to fear nothing. I had graduated with the highest honors, and was to enter the law-school in September. I kept up night work because I liked it, the utter silence, everything about it, had a charm, and the drink no less, and I went on for some days in my old way. My father was off on a circuit; he had a fashion of coming home unexpectedly, and entering

by a little side door, and so he came in silently this night that ended things between us. His mail was on the library table and he looked it all over. He heard me make some movement overhead, and came up with a letter in his hand, just tapping, and then opening the door so suddenly that I had no time to put the bottle out of sight.

"'Well, Preston,'" he said, 'you have your father's bad habits and will always be an owl. Here's a bit of rascality we must look up. That signature is so like mine that I don't yet believe my eyes; so good an imitation that I'm twenty-two hundred dollars out of pocket by it. Why, what's the matter boy?'

"I know that everything turned black before me, and that I caught the edge of the table. The bottle fell with the sudden jerk, and, as I recovered myself, my father had picked it up and looked at it and then at me, with a darkening face. He was, and had been all his life, the most intolerant of temperance men.

"'What are you doing with this?' he said, and then, as he saw the glass, he turned pale. 'Great God! Is a son of mine, sitting here, half drunk on brandy? What does it mean? Speak, sir!'

"'It means that one Temple is a rascal,' I said. There was no escape, and I told the story, without one word of excuse. He did not speak when I ended, but simply looked at me with eyes that seemed to scorch me; then turned and left the room, and I sat there, too miserable even to think. What he would do, I could not tell. His sense of right was so strong, he might choose to go to extremes, and send me to the prison where I belonged. There was but one thing that I could do. I went, next morning, to Mary Alexander and told her the whole, releasing her from any engagement. What she said belongs to me. I went home and told my father, as I had done the night before, that I was ready for any dealing he thought just. Mary had followed me,

and she took the word from me, and plead as I should never have plead myself.

"Well, he saw only one way out. I had forfeited all natural rights. If she persisted in her determination, there must be protection for her somehow, and at last he thought it out.

"You know the story of the will and know now what it meant. She has done what she could to save me. There is no visible stain on the name; no man knows a flaw in the old record, but I have made her life one long curse to her; made it so, in spite of thousands of resolutions, thousands of vain efforts. Even now she wants me to live. She thinks, with hopeless disease upon me, I am freed from the longing, and that, somehow I may still have time to atone. She has sought all ways of escape for me, but this is the

only one. It has been a heavy chain."

The door opened as the last words were spoken, and his wife came swiftly toward the bed and bent over him, the light in her own face answering the love that shone in his, making plain why devotion had never faltered. There were a few whispered words and then a long silence. The doctor had turned away, but he rose at last, and went softly toward the bed. Mrs. Temple's head was bowed on the pillow, and she did not lift it till he took her hand gently, and said:

"Now you must rest."

The face, so near her own, was quiet, and full of peace. Whatever remorse might wait, or struggle for atonement begin, one chief good had come, and emancipation from bondage of and in the flesh solved one side, at least, of the Templeville Mystery.

THE CRÈCHE, OR BABY MISSION.

BY JULIA A. AMES.

THE right to be well born, to come into the world with sound bodies, and tendencies toward the good, should be the heritage of all, but is denied to two-thirds the human race, so that the piteous cry of children, whose lives are bankrupt almost before they are begun, arises from every quarter of our globe.

Yet, to the student of society, the wonder is not that from the countless number of unhappy, liquor-poisoned homes come socialists, vagabonds, and criminals, but, rather, that any of the children, born and reared by such parents, should retain the "angel germ" which is supposed to be implanted in every human heart.

It is, indeed, a grand work to lead men and women, whose lives have been

spent in sin, into paths of virtue; but those who have "heard the children weeping, ere their sorrows came of years," and have labored to brighten the lives of such little ones, and to train their feet so that they will never enter paths of wickedness—such, surely, reap the largest reward for their labors.

Almost half a century ago, Monsieur Marebeau, as he walked the streets of Paris, was touched to see the lack of care given the children of the poorer classes. He often found, in midwinter, little children locked all day in miserable rooms, crying with cold and hunger, their mothers being away at work.

Such sights so worked on the sympathies of Monsieur Marebeau, that how to care for the outcast little ones became the

burden of his prayer. One day, while kneeling before a shrine in one of the churches of Paris, gazing at the image of the Madonna and infant Christ, the inspiration came to him to found the crèche, or public cradle, where the myriads of uncared-for infants might receive somewhat of the loving attention which is theirs by right of their helplessness.

The baby missions, soon scattered throughout the poor districts of Paris, were, from the first, a signal success, and soon M. Marebeau had the pleasure of seeing his work recognized by the state, as a highly important institution. Later, the crèche was established and supported by the French government, until now Paris has a perfect net-work of these public cradles, which, no doubt, accounts for so few children being seen on the streets of that city.

At the Paris Exposition in 1867, the model of a crèche was exhibited by its founder, under the auspices of the Department of Education.

The broad spirit which characterized this charity would not allow it to rest in the land of its birth, and soon the crèche flourished in Belgium, and especially in Brussels, where the good accomplished through it has been incalculable.

The honor of having first introduced the crèche into England belongs to Mrs. Marie Hilton, a member of the Society of Friends, who, in 1871, rented a house in one of the poorest quarters of London, and opened a crèche, or babies' home, modeled after the Belgian namesake. Since that time a number have been started, not only in London, but throughout Great Britain, many being located in the mining districts, and near large factories, where the mothers obtain employment, leaving their children in the nurseries. In two Scottish nurseries, alone, 16,702 children were cared for during the past two years.

The good work rapidly growing in the Old World, was not long in crossing the

ocean and finding place in the hearts of America's philanthropic women, and to-day the crèches supported by them are scattered here and there in our largest cities—veritable oases to the tired working-women and the hitherto uncared for waifs.

One feature of this charity is its catholicity. Conceived in the Roman church, it has since been taken up by all denominations; for men and women, of whatever differing beliefs, are ever ready to join hands in alleviating the suffering of children.

I once read a beautiful poem of a young painter, who found one day a lovely child playing in the streets of Rome. Struck with its heavenly countenance, he painted the face with a master hand. Through all his years, down to old age, this picture of innocence hung on his wall, while he searched the haunts of vice to find a contrast to that sweet face. At last, in a prison cell, he caught a glimpse of the fiend he sought, and upon inquiry he found that the criminal, ruined by sin, was the child that had played in the streets of Rome.

The companion pieces of these pictures could be found to-day in any of our large cities. It was the sight of exquisite little faces, on the streets and in the lowest dens of infamy, and of the bloated faces and staggering forms of men who were once like the beautiful little ones at their sides, that led some of the good women of New York city to open the first crèche, on this side of the Atlantic, nearly a quarter of a century ago. New York has now about twenty nurseries, under control of as many different organizations. Two of the largest of these are the Virginia and Memorial day nurseries, having the same board of directors. Their aggregate attendance last year was nearly 18,000; the expense for caring for each child is about \$1.30 per week.

Boston and its suburbs are, perhaps, more rich in these institutions than any other city in the Union. This is largely

due to the generosity of Mrs. Quincy Shaw, the widowed daughter of the late Prof. Agassiz, who has, in the last nine years, established and sustained, at a cost of nearly one million dollars, seven crèches in connection with her free kindergartens. From fifty to eighty children are daily cared for in each of these baby homes, where everything, which will add to their comfort and well-being, is prepared by this bounteous friend.

St. Paul's, and other churches of Boston, have large nurseries in connection with their mission work.

In looking for the cause of so much neglect and abuse of children by their natural protectors, it was found largely in the saloon, that fountain-head of all evil; therefore the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was led to take up the work of caring for the children and aiding the wives of those whom they are trying to reform and protect.

The crèche was made a national department at the last annual convention, held in Philadelphia, in Nov., 1885. Miss Helen L. Hood, of Illinois, was placed at its head. Miss Hood's great love for children, which is shown in her sweet face and kindly words whenever she is with them, together with her remarkable executive ability, insures the success of this new department.

Chicago has a number of crèches, the largest of which are the two conducted by the Central Woman's Christian Temperance Union. A description of these will serve as an illustration of all, for the general plan of conducting the work is the same throughout the world.

The Bethesda nursery is supported by Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, and, as its name signifies, is truly a "house of mercy" in the "black hole" of our western metropolis. The Talcott nursery bears the name of its fairy god-mother. The house selected for this crèche is a four-story, stone front. The rooms are fitted up solely for the comfort and happiness of

the children, the sunniest room being taken for their play-room. The dining-room is provided with tables and stools of different heights to accommodate the tiny toddler or his larger companions. After being seated at the table, each little head is bowed and hands folded, while all repeat a verse of thanks. No sooner is the "Amen" said, however, than all the spoons are put into active use, conveying the savory soup to their hungry mouths.

The fare consists of oatmeal, rice, soups of various kinds, well-cooked meats and vegetables, with often a simple dessert. Plenty of good milk is given to all who desire it. The aim is to provide food best suited to the needs of growing children.

Breakfast, dinner and supper are given the children, who are brought by their mothers at seven o'clock in the morning, and called for at seven in the evening. Little ones from three weeks to eight years of age are admitted. The matron greets each mother, as she comes to leave her child, and writes the name and address, nationality, and occupation of the parents, in large record books kept for the purpose. The seed sown during the few moments' chat between matron and mother, often springs up and bears good fruit.

After the child is bathed and dressed in clean clothes, furnished by the crèche, which are removed and their own replaced at night, the older children are sent to the kindergarten on the second floor, and the smaller ones to the nursery on the third floor, where they are amused and instructed by the nurses. The aggregate attendance, at the Bethesda and Talcott nurseries, for one year was 13,688; the cost of food for each child is about fifty cents per week.

A volume could be written of the interesting sayings of these children, whose lack of home-training seems to sharpen their wits. During the month of May, the Bethesda nursery was closed, as it

was being moved. A storekeeper in the neighborhood said he was constantly confronted by eager little faces asking him, "When will our dear home be open again?" and "Is it moving still nearer heaven, do you think?"

Saloon keepers and prostitutes bring their children, anxious that they should be taught lessons of good, which are often repeated by the children at home, and, in more than one case, a little child has led father and mother into a new life of sobriety and virtue.

The largest attendance at the nursery is always in the spring and autumn, when the mothers get most employment.

The design of this, charity is not to care for children whose mothers are at home and have leisure to do it themselves, but to set at liberty over-burdened mothers, and, especially, those who go from home to work for the support of their families. A missionary is employed by the Central Union, who visits the mothers, comforting and aiding the worthy. She has found that, in the poorer districts of the city, only one in four of the children of proper age to attend school do so; but, in the school of the street, the rest are learn-

ing the lessons which will train them to fill our prisons to overflowing in years to come.

The need of institutions for the care and protection of little children is seen in the fact that, in one year, nearly two thousand children under five were burned or scalded to death in England alone. If statistics for this country were given, they would doubtless be proportionally large.

Much as has already been accomplished in this work, it is yet but as the fringe of the garment. The number of crèches established is wholly inadequate to meet the wants of the thousands of industrious mothers who could go to their work with much lighter hearts if they knew their little ones were to be tenderly cared for while they were away.

I trust many philanthropic men and women answer this need of the helpless children and of the poor, tired mothers of our land. Surely, all such helpers shall find their reward when, at the last day, they shall hear, not only the thanks of mothers and children, but the voice of the Master, saying, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

CHRISTMAS.

BY MARY L. DICKINSON.

On the winds that moaning sigh
 Angel songs go drifting by;
 Heavenly voices fill the sky;
 From the radiant heaven afar,
 Through the midnight's silver bar,
 Steals away one wandering star;
 Floats and lingers where He lies,
 Child of holiest mysteries,
 'Neath the bending Bethlehem skies.
 Swift, what eager questions start!
 In His coming, what my part?

Can I hold Him in my heart?
 Can my inn, so rude and wild,
 Make Him room, the undefiled,
 Find its Master in this Child?

Troubled souls, where'er ye be,
 Who this sacred morning see,
 Christ is come for thee, for thee.
 Thine, the song the angels sing,
 And no sceptered eastern king
 Hath such gifts as thou may'st bring.
 To thy living love intense,
 To thy suffering penitence,
 What are gold and frankincense?
 To thy burning thoughts, that stir
 Tenderly for those who err,
 What the fragrance of the myrrh?
 Patient under wrong or scorn,
 Knows thy brow the touch of thorn?
 Then in thee the Christ is born;
 And yon star's triumphant shine
 Is not clearer than thy sign,
 Thou art His and He is thine!
 Thine in hurts untold, in tears,
 In labors manifold, in fears,
 Thine for grand eternal years;
 Thine for rod, and staff, and wine,
 Till beneath his love divine,
 There is no more thine or mine!
 Life of self and sin o'erthrown,
 All the kingdom is his own,
 And the Christ-Child takes his throne.
 One is with us, where were twain,
 That one—God! Ring out again,
 Christmas bells, your gladdest strain;
 Christ the King is come to reign.

THE Berlin Anti-Improvement Society seems to be doing a good work. During the sixteen years of its existence it has advanced the sum of 851,875 marks to 15,288 persons, besides relieving 56,188 persons to the amount of 888,020 marks; making a total of 1,739,895 marks, distributed to 71,476 persons in hard cash, independent of the loan, or gift, of 3,258

sewing machines. Of the amount advanced (851,875 marks) nearly 570,000 marks have been paid back by the borrowers. The society numbers 12,347 paying members, who, during the past year, contributed about 200,000 marks, of which sum little more than 125,000 marks were expended.

THE
 second
 hall of
 No. 9
 25, bet
 I P. M.
 Mrs.
 the cha
 were a
 be read
 of the
 ation o
 nounce
 Tenem
 Mr. W
 advoca
 duced,
 audien
 stated
 ed tha
 life re
 the oc
 heat, a
 ties co
 laws
 But t
 seeme
 Wings
 reform
 ellige
 Board
 questi
 stated
 ficult
 draug
 of the
 front
 the str
 leave
 lift th
 side a
 in the
 could
 roduc
 could.

WOMAN'S CONFERENCE OF NEW YORK CITY.

THE first Conference of Women, of the second year's series, was held in the new hall of the Industrial Education Society, No. 9 University Place, on Monday, Oct. 25, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 1 P. M.

Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell was in the chair, and a large company of women were assembled to listen to the papers to be read and to take part in the discussion of the subjects presented for the consideration of the Conference. The subject announced for the day was "The Effect of Tenement House Life upon the Inmates."

Mr. Wingate, the popular and instructive advocate of sanitary reform, was introduced, and occupied the attention of the audience for about fifteen minutes. He stated that investigations had demonstrated that the chief evils of tenement house life resulted from the over-crowding of the occupants, insufficient light, air and heat, and excessive dirt! These difficulties could be overcome by law, if only the laws enacted were vigorously enforced. But the men inspectors of tenements seemed to be unequal to the task, and Mr. Wingate proposed, as the first step toward reform, that a number of persevering, intelligent women should be added to the Board of Inspectors of Tenements. The question of ventilation in tenements was stated by Mr. Wingate to be a most difficult one, for the poor were as afraid of draughts as were the rich; and, as the halls of these houses were not heated, and the front doors were generally wide open to the street, the families were unwilling to leave the doors of their rooms open, or to lift the sashes of their windows, that outside air might purify the atmosphere within the rooms. No system of ventilation could be suggested which would be introduced by tenants, but the landlords could, by law, be compelled to make

openings in the chimneys, communicating with the roofs, that might effect the proper ventilation of tenement buildings. It would have to be an inexpensive method to be acceptable to landlords, and, since a hole costs nothing, the architects, with whom Mr. Wingate had talked, suggested that a hole must supply the needed fresh air! How this hole is to be made, and where—is the problem yet to be solved. Mr. Wingate was most discouraging in his view of the tenement house evils, but urged the investigation of the subject by women.

At the close of the address a motion was made, and carried, that a petition be presented to the proper authorities for the appointment of six women as inspectors of tenements to serve in harmony with the Board of Health, and that the committee of apportionment be asked to pay these inspectors, so that the full force of the law might accompany their efforts to improve the conditions of the tenement house buildings.

Dr. Daniels, a lady physician, employed by the Woman's Infirmary to practice medicine among the poor, in one of the East Side neighborhoods, read a detailed account of her experience in visiting tenement house families.

She lamented the over-crowding of the small rooms, and specially pictured the evils arising from the taking of lodgers by tenants of such rooms. She cited the facts from her acquaintance with 600 families. One-half of that number received in their rooms lodgers at night—children, parents and these lodgers sleeping together on the floors, the sexes being wholly disregarded in the night arrangements; the paltry sum of money, to be received in payment for the night's accommodation, justifying to the host the presence of this army of sleepers. Of course modesty soon passes

away from the minds of young men and women who are thus promiscuously huddled together, and little children, who are brought up to sleep and wash and dress before an indiscriminate company, never develop even decent ideas of modest conduct. The results of such habits, very naturally, are to be found in illegitimate children and depraved social living.

Among the evil influences of the tenement house life, Dr. Daniels spoke earnestly of intemperance. The habit of drowning care, silencing conscience, stimulating a body, weary and over-worked with beer or bad whisky, prevailed among these residents. Good-will toward a neighbor displayed itself in the presentation of a glass of beer; pride prompted a speedy return of the compliment, and soon the women, single and married, utilized the children of the families to bring them constant supplies of beer. Money that should be saved to clothe and feed the household is squandered at the saloon, and praiseworthy industry and laudable ambitions to be self-supporting are lost sight of by these ignorant, self-indulgent citizens.

How shall the people be saved? By enforcing the law against the sale of liquor to minors, much of this drinking at home would be prevented. Women who are busy at work, washing, or ironing, or sewing for the day's wages, will not stop work to go out and buy a drink. But mothers will oblige a friend, or indulge themselves, by bidding a tiny girl or boy just "run to the corner for a pail of beer"; and "I'll give you a penny when you come back," is perhaps the prize awarded the child for her obliging act.

What a picture of woe, in the family, this suggestion of childhood's uses brings before us! and upon us is forced the consideration of the decadence of genuine family life in our midst. What can be done to restore the oldtime fireside, and the loving presence of father and mother to watch over and direct the children of the homes?

Dr. Daniels summed up the evils of tenement house life in a few words—over-crowding dirt and darkness being given as prominent reasons for the demoralization of the inmates—and she left all who heard her with the longing desire to undertake a work for the occupants of these homes, which should be sanitary in its physical effects and uplifting in its moral influence.

A discussion ensued, as to how this process of amelioration could be best introduced.

It was most clearly stated, by a lady owner of a large tenement house in this city, that the responsibility rested with the *owners* of this sort of property; and that, if public opinion and personal influence could be obtained in favor of better management of tenement buildings, owners would look after their own houses and require them to be properly conducted. She said she had a house which accommodated four families on a floor; that she placed the building in charge of a housekeeper and gave her certain regulations, for the tenants, that were absolutely obligatory upon them. The walls were painted so that they could be wiped down and kept free from dust; the halls were well lighted; each week, one tenant, in turn, swept and dusted one hall and staircase; the consequence was that the tenants vied with each other as to who would produce the best effect by her work. And the house is always clean and the occupants are happy. The practical teaching of this illustration was that the owners of property must be approached and made acquainted with the condition of their houses; that they must be persuaded to employ practical housekeepers and hold them responsible for the fulfillment of certain obligations in the home, to be met by tenants, and that the tenement house laws, as enacted by the Legislature, must be enforced. To do this, it was suggested by a lady in the Conference that each person present should assume

the care
house.
to one
thropy
which
be most
working
What
awaken
Woman
but it
active,
York C

"I
served
dinner
"I
return
ear of
memb
that I
along
"Y
uously
found
I dare
to the
come
Crusc
"C
Dave
the fa
"T
street
self."
"I
lives.
except
have
ceive

the care of one family in a tenement house, become the self-appointed visitor to one house, and see if practical philanthropy would bear the fruit in one year, which the facts related made all feel to be most essential to the well-being of the working classes.

What may be the after-result of this awakening influence resulting from the Woman's Conference, we do not know; but it seems hardly probable that the active, earnest-thinking women of New York City will allow these smouldering

embers of moral and physical destruction to abide, silently doing their fatal work.

Women can agitate these fearful and long-neglected questions and create public sentiment that will ultimately induce definite, resolute action in behalf of humanity; and, in days to come, decent homes will arise from the ashes of the pest houses which now abound in parts of this great city.

We trust this work will go forward speedily.

TOILERS OF THE CITY.

BY CLARA MARSHALL.

XII.—The Dressmaker.

"I met a female Crusoe to-day," observed Miss Wolfe, breaking a silence at dinner.

"I am glad you met nothing worse," returned Mr. Neville. "I am in constant fear of that collection-saucer, but, if I remember rightly, money was one thing that Robinson Crusoe managed to get along without."

"Yes," said Lou. "How contemptuously he spoke of those gold pieces he found in the cabin of the Spanish ship! I dare say papa wishes we all belonged to the Crusoe family. But where did you come across her, Miss Wolfe? Your Crusoe, I mean."

"On Y-avenue. She has charge of Mr. Davenport's house, during the absence of the family in Europe."

"That fine house at the corner of H—street? I should like to live there myself."

"But not all alone, as Bertha Munn lives. There is not a soul in the house, except herself, for she is not allowed to have any one stay with her, or even to receive calls from her friends."

"Bertha Munn? How old a woman is she?" asked Mrs. Neville.

"About twenty," returned Miss Wolfe; "but she looks nearer forty. She has had a hard life. When she was sixteen, she had a paralytic mother to nurse, and a drunken father to look after, besides having to support them by her labor. They are dead now, and she has only herself to provide for, but she says life hardly seems worth having, since her mother is gone. These bed-ridden poor, whom we are apt to regard as cumberers of the earth, are sometimes more missed than we should be."

"Yes, like 'Tiny Tim' in the 'Christmas Carol,'" said Lou. "But what is Bertha Munn's profession?"

"She is a dressmaker. I don't mean a dressmaker like Madame T—, able to wear diamonds and sables, but one who sews in families for two dollars a day, or makes sleeves in an extensive dressmaking establishment, for ten dollars a week."

"Ten dollars a week! It seems to me, if she can earn that, she might afford to

board somewhere," observed Mrs. Neville.

"Yes; but earning is one thing, and getting it is another," returned Miss Wolfe. "It is said that the Women's Protective Union has more trouble with heads of large establishments than with any other class of employers. They will pay girls one or two dollars at the end of the week, and tell them they must wait awhile for the rest of their money. Such waiting is rather inconvenient unless the landlady will consent to wait also. Bertha receives now ten dollars a month for taking care of the house, and, having her own sewing-machine, she makes calico wrappers for a dealer in such articles. Her machine is company for her, so she says, and though she earns very little by her work—not more than three dollars a week—it is paid when it is earned. She never leaves the house, except to fetch and carry her work, for the Davenport family have a holy horror of thieves. 'Of course it is lonesome,' said Bertha to me this afternoon, 'but anything is better than going into debt.'"

"I should say it *would* be lonesome," exclaimed Lou, "to think of a girl of that age, who hasn't committed any crime, living in solitary confinement, as it were!"

"And sewing all the week for three dollars!" added Annie. "What a coming down from two dollars a day for sewing in families! I should have kept at that if I had been in her place."

"The trouble was," said Miss Wolfe,

"that the families for whom she sewed were almost as uncertain in their pay as the dressmaking establishments. It was 'come again to-morrow,' or 'call another day,' until Bertha would almost wear out a pair of shoes in collecting a bill. And then, too, such work is irregular. If a dress were wanted for some special occasion, Bertha would sometimes be kept till late in the evening, and not a word said of extra pay. Then there would come the dull season, when everybody who was anybody had had her dresses made, and was out of town for the summer. Then, often in cold weather, Bertha would have to work in a room without a fire, and her dinner would be brought up to her cold. And some of her employers were very hard to please. There were stout women, who thought it was the dressmaker's fault that they did not look slender; and thin women who thought it her fault that they were not plump; and there were alterations upon alterations, until, no doubt, the poor girl sometimes wished herself on a Fiji island, or some other favored spot where dress is not regarded as the standard of gentility."

"But what common people she must have sewed for," said Annie, "if they could not treat a working woman decently!"

"My dear, why are common people called common?" asked Miss Wolfe. "Isn't it because there are so many of them? If Bertha had worked only for uncommon people, I fancy she would have been idle more than half the time."

If we take away from people one pleasure, we must give them something in its place. The devils cannot be kept out of the heart so long as it is empty, no matter if it be swept and garnished. With the wisdom which characterizes a heaven-inspired woman, Ellice Hopkins urges that

we "empty by filling," that we dethrone the saloon by bringing in the cheap concert, the lecture, the club-room. Let the working-men have a place to read, to talk ward politics, to play chess—to smoke, if you please.

[Inc
the bes
school
followi
long ex
sewing

Wit
gin ag
and be
tical v
classes
helped
gregat
who a
they m

It is
little g
they r
home
clothi
life t
whose
this c
opene
in wh
churc
to rec
work

Bu
have
it is
child
a few
of co
home
If
larly
the c
to se
Th
whic
for t

SEWING-SCHOOLS.

[INQUIRIES having come to us, asking the best method of organizing a sewing-school, we take pleasure in publishing the following, written by one who has had long experience as an officer in a large sewing-school.—Ed.]

With the return of the winter will begin again earnest efforts in the churches, and benevolent societies, to devise practical work for the benefit of the poorer classes, to be carried forward by amateur helpers, volunteers from well-to-do congregations, or thoughtful philanthropists, who are willing to lend a hand wherever they may find work needing their aid.

It is patent to all women's minds that little girls ought to be taught to sew, that they may be fitted to conduct their future homes in comfort, and provide for the clothing of their little ones in the married life that is apt to come early to girls whose homes are among the lowly. To this end, sewing-schools are generally opened in connection with city churches, in which the mission children under the church's care are assembled, once a week, to receive instruction in the art of needle-work.

But it is so much easier to say, "Let us have a sewing-school for the girls," than it is to carry it on profitably after the children are gathered, that we venture a few words, as to the practical methods of conducting these valuable adjuncts to home education.

If you can secure the attendance, regularly, of skilled teachers, you can classify the children according to their capacity to sew.

Then, first, decide upon "a model," which means a piece of work, prepared for their use, which shall embody hem-

ming, over-seaming, felling, and the making of a button-hole. Let each scholar make one of these models, as a test of her ability. If she does well, it will be evident that she is prepared to make a garment.

If she sews but imperfectly on the model, classify her with children who are to continue to make these models, until they can sew well. By this sifting process, each child will be placed, ultimately, where she will receive the instruction she needs.

Choose as superintendent of your school one who has the power to interest, as well as control the children. There is such a woman in every church; do not abandon the search until you find her, for it will be her duty to work with the class teachers, as well as for the children, and she must combine personal attractiveness with ability, or she will not win teachers to her work.

Select a secretary, who will conscientiously keep the attendance of the school, and who will notify absent teachers and urge them to send substitutes in their times of absence from the school. The secretary should also distribute tickets to the attending children, as credits for their punctuality and good behavior. These tickets are to be counted at a specified valuation, and received by the teacher in payment for garments made under her direction in school.

The third officer to be appointed, should be a clothing directress, whose duty it should be to prepare the work for the children, and to distribute it. She should also examine all work finished in the classes, and accept or refuse it, according as it may be well or badly sewed.

Let the lady filling this position have

the entire confidence of the teachers, that they may be willing to receive her criticisms and suggestions. And let her be regarded, by the children, as their personal friend; they will then yield to her requirements without reluctance.

Now we have planned for the order of the school, by the choice of our superintendent and secretary; for the supply of work, by choosing a skillful clothing directress, whose labors may be shared by a committee on cutting the work, if the school is large. We have also classified the scholars according to their capacity. It only remains that we should decide what sewing shall be done, and how the children shall be rewarded for doing it. Let the work be arranged on a progressive system; but do not give a child a garment to make, until it has learned to sew with considerable ease to itself. To do so, will only result in failure and discontent to the pupil, and will induce impatience and discouragement in the teacher.

Heretofore, sewing-schools have been conducted without system, for the most part, and the work done has usually been that which would gratify the scholar without improving its methods of sewing. To-day, far greater facilities for success are offered the sewing-schools.

At the exhibit of industrial work, held in New York last spring, much sewing done by girls was displayed, and it was evident that, in the schools which had pursued a progressive system of work, the best and most ready results were attained.

Experience and careful observance have enabled skillful teachers to plan systems of needle-work teaching that may be adopted in any school.

And we earnestly advise that, before schools in New York are started in their winter work, our helpful, practical women, interested in these "once a week" classes, apply to the Industrial Education

Society, 21 University Place, and learn, from them, how to procure the best-prepared system of work for the winter's course of instruction in sewing. Out of all the methods exhibited, this society has chosen one or two, which they believe to be most thorough in their instruction.

Again—in all schools conducted by amateur teachers, there is difficulty in securing regular instruction for the classes. To obviate this hindrance, a thoroughly, graded school, doing well-selected work, can be taught by one or two teachers. These teachers must pass from class to class, examining and instructing the pupils, and at the end of the session all the scholars will have made progress.

The arrangement of the scholars in classes, each set of girls to be taught by a devoted teacher, is the better way, if the school can secure the required number of capable teachers. This is best because, in the class relation, the teacher has an opportunity, not only to teach the girls to sew, but to impress their characters. And this may be the only chance that these children, whose lives are spent in crowded streets and busy homes, will ever have to learn lessons of love from a gentle-hearted woman.

To make this article helpful to our readers, I would say that the sewing-schools, under the care of the church of the Messiah, and also at the Five Point Mission, 61 Park street, New York City, use an excellent class-book, which will be a guide to any school desiring to adopt the above methods in its teaching.

Each garment is valued at a certain number of marks; each child may receive the number required before the article is completed by her, if the system arranged in the class-book is pursued.

I am quite sure specimen copies of these class-books would be furnished by either of these schools.

[A
Michi
of the
in tha
In
reserv
maine
farms.
large
have
govern
fee sin
ans, v
away
their
to reac
stand
Indian
few d
repres
that e
his lan
home.
friends
giving
but I
Indian
citizen
could
cere in
must p
theref

Win
been ta
its fixe
the val
of the
wherev
ing of

PROTECTION FOR INDIAN HOMESTEADS.

[A CORRESPONDENT from Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, sends us the following account of the Indians of the Isabella reservation in that state.—ED.]

In 1856, the Indians came upon this reservation. For fifteen years they remained in their homes and had small farms, some of them, however, being as large as the average white man would have made in the same time. In 1871, government issued titles to the land in fee simple, and in a short time the Indians, with a few exceptions, had deeded away their lands and been driven from their homes. They did not know how to read, or, if they did, could not understand a deed, and in many instances an Indian sold the timber on his land for a few dollars, and in signing what was represented to him to be a contract to that effect, actually executed a deed of his land and was compelled to leave his home. I am aware that the eastern friends of the Indian generally favor the giving to him a legal title to his land, but I can show you by the history of the Indian in Michigan, where he has been a citizen since 1852, that the government could not do a worse thing. If it is sincere in wishing to elevate the Indian, it must protect him against the whites. *If, therefore, the Indian gets a title to his*

land, it should be under a provision that he cannot alienate it without the knowledge and consent of the government. This would save him.

I want to urge this proposition upon the attention of interested men and women. The land of the reservation is excellent, and there is plenty of it yet unselected to furnish the remaining Indians with good farms. Let them be protected from the whites, by allowing no alienation of land without satisfactory cause, and the Indian problem is settled here, for I can show you that in a few cases, where the first settlers held their land, they and their families have done well. The government intended to do well for these Indians, but the mistake of giving them the power to alienate their land drove them homeless and penniless into the woods through the greed and chicanery of the whites. I could furnish matter setting forth their history at greater length, but perhaps this is enough. You can see what has been done and what still goes on. As fast as an Indian becomes old enough to select a piece of land and get a title to it, he squanders it, and some "lucky" white adds to his own riches.

Very respectfully yours,

C. E.

MORE MONEY IN IT.

WHEREVER the summer "outing" has been taken in New England—above all, if its fixed point has been anywhere along the valley of the Connecticut, within sight of the tall mill chimneys that may be seen wherever water runs, or even within hearing of bell or whistle with its summons to

work, one thing has made itself plain. No girl growing up on New England soil, whether native-born, or foreign, if in that station of life in which daily work with the hands is a necessity, turns toward anything but the mill. Any form of factory work, no matter how long the hours, or

how low the pay, is preferred to household service, and neither love nor money has power to secure helpers in this field. Everywhere overworked and discouraged housekeepers are asking what is to be done, and everywhere the march, out of the homes and into the factories, goes on. Even the most intelligent among this class scout the suggestion of household service as giving healthier life and better chance, and when faced with the statement, confirmed by all statistics, that the average life of the factory girl is but thirty years, smile incredulously, or deny altogether that the fact exists.

"It's a long pull, that's true," said one of them not long ago, "but there's more money in it, and when you're through, you're through, an' no one to boss you."

"More money in it;" that is the clue to the crowding into mills, and the flocking toward cities, and the general massing at any point where a weekly wage is to be had. That there is most usually less money, after that which must be paid for board is deducted, makes no impression on the earner's mind. The one aim in life is to find something that has more money in it, and neither argument nor appeal are of slightest effect against this tendency. It is ingrained in every one that household service holds degradation, and destroys individual liberty, and only here and there can a factory girl be found who sees the result on health, and as often on character, and turns away voluntarily from the work that shortens life and cuts off every hope of self-improvement.

A New England weekly has lately sent

one of its staff to investigate the physical condition of these workers, and reports:

"You look in vain for the peach-like cheek, the pretty smile, the firm step; you find instead a yellow-white face, thin and expressionless, unless the knit eyebrows signify that they regret the circumstances which compel them to throw away the best of their lives behind the stone walls of the mill. If, perchance, some girl of twelve, whose acquaintance with factory life is short, bubbles forth with laughter, her childish merriment only makes the soberness of her elders more grim and pitiful."

The report goes on with a detailed description of the round shoulders, the sunken chests, and, among the older ones, the frequent hectic. Those who marry live sometimes to forty—even forty-five—but none pass this limit, and the children brought into the world are hopelessly handicapped. Material wealth increases at the cost of untold human lives, and the victims themselves choose their fate, and cannot be turned aside from the track of this Juggernaut. The most humane and considerate of employers, and there are many for whom both adjectives must stand, are powerless to prevent these results, while, in the cities, the Industrial Unions and other agencies for helping women, seek in vain to convince them that household service would be their deliverance from nine-tenths of the evils that now beset them. In what way can we lend a hand to alter this conviction, and who shall teach these masses that money is not the only good?

APACHES GOING TO FARMING.

A CURIOUS experiment by a party of Apache Indians, in the vicinity of Santa Fé, is attracting much attention, says an exchange. Some time ago about thirty

families of Jicarilla Apaches left their reservation without permission, and, going to the Rio Grande near Ildifonso, proceeded to establish themselves as farmers.

Just at that time, the hostile Apaches were occupying the attention of the army, and nothing was done about the Jicarillas.

A few weeks ago, two troops of cavalry were sent out to round them up and bring them in; but, before the command reached them, it was learned that the Jicarillas were making a new departure, and it was not deemed best to molest them until their case had been laid before the authorities at Washington. Gen. Miles, therefore, ordered the soldiers back to camp, and the proper authorities reported the circumstances to Washington. The intelligence which caused this sudden change of front on the part of the army, was to the effect that the Jicarillas had purchased land and established a colony by themselves, which they intended to maintain without Government assistance. They were already at work—men, women, and children—preparing habitations and getting ready for winter, and they expressed the opinion that if the whites would leave them alone, they would get along all right.

Having gone into the enterprise too late in the season to raise a crop of grain, the Indians had begun work with a will in the fields of Mexican farmers, taking their pay in pumpkins, beans, and meat, which they had dried for winter use. Some white men, fearing that the Indians had been swindled in their purchase of land, examined the contract and found

that the red men had been shrewd enough to have a clause inserted, providing that the agreement was not to stand unless it was ratified by the Interior Department, at Washington. As soon as the Jicarillas heard that troops were on the way to round them up, they indulged in great lamentations, and sent two of their head men to Santa Fé to seek advice, and to petition the army officers for mercy, but before decisive action was taken, the orders given the troops had been countermanded.

Pending the decision of their case at Washington, the Indians are in an agony of suspense. Not a day passes that some member of the colony does not arrive at Santa Fé, and ask the news. So determined are the people to become self-sustaining, and so anxious are they to be left alone in their new quarters, where they think they can make a good crop next year, that most of the white men favor letting them alone. Their return to the reservation would be a great hardship.

For the purpose of helping along, the women of the tribe have gone into the pottery business. The Jicarillas have always been noted for their excellence as workers in clay, and the band is now turning out some very serviceable ware, which meets with ready sale. The Indians have some stock of their own, and white men, who have seen their ranch, say that they will "make a live of it" if the Government will keep its hands off.

WHY NOT?

LEND A HAND has, thus far, had no occasion to investigate the question as to what effect the modern system of clothing has upon character, and how far a simplification of detail would affect our daily life, cramped always by want of time for

the many things one would gladly do. A well-known English philanthropist—a man who has given time and strength, and sacrificed much worldly advantage, to the cause of the poor—has suddenly turned his attention clothesward, and writes, in a

letter now made public for the circle of friends who each month welcome this new helper in all good work, words that carry more than one suggestion with them:

"Who knows but what there is some influence at work for some ulterior purpose, which we do not guess, causing us to artificialize our lives to the extraordinary extent we do in modern times? Our ancestors wore woad, and it does not, at first sight, seem obvious why we should not do the same. Without, however, entering into the woad question, we may consider some ways in which clothing may be simplified without departing far from the existing standard. It seems to be generally admitted, now, that wool is the most suitable material, as a rule. I find that a good woolen coat, such as is ordinarily worn, feels warmer, when *unlined*, than it does when a layer of silk or cotton is interposed between the woolen surface and the body. It is also lighter; thus, in both ways, the simplification is a gain. Another advantage is that it washes easier and better, and is at all times cleaner. No one who has had the curiosity once to unpick the lining of a tailor-made coat, that has been in wear a little time, will, I think, ever wish to have coats made on the same principle again. The rubbish he will find inside, the frettings and fraying of the cloth, collected in little dirt heaps up and down, the pad-dings of cotton wool, the odd lots of miscellaneous stuff used as backings, the quantity of canvas stiffening, the tags and paraphernalia connected with the pockets, bits of buckram inserted here and there to make the coat 'sit' well—all these things will be a warning to him. What would be shamed by exposure to the light is all covered up by a sham, decorous lin-

ing, and if the mess looks unwholesome, and suggestive of disease, in a comparatively new coat, made by a well-to-do tailor, what must it be in the case of a coat made up by a cheap and nasty dealer, or one that has been worn unwashed—and how can one wash such a thing—for years?

"Now, if all these tags are done away with, and a coat is made up of *good* cloth, without any lining whatever, or any stiffening, (except a patch here and there, where the buttons are sewed on,) and with pockets simply made by the addition of another patch of cloth—patch pockets, as they are called—the relief and the sense of the added comfort, warmth, lightness, cleanliness, are really delightful. The truth is, one might almost as well be in one's coffin as in the stiff layers upon layers of buckram-like clothing commonly worn nowadays. No genial influence, from air or sky, can pierce this dead hide; no effluence from within, escape. A man's clothing, we will say, generally consists, around his trunk, of undervest, shirt, waistcoat and coat, to which must sometimes be added an overcoat. Each of the three last-mentioned garments consists, at any rate over the front of the body, of *three* thicknesses—cloth, canvas stiffening and lining—in all eleven layers. Eleven layers between him and God! No wonder the Arabian has the advantage over us. For it is said, by those who have traveled in Arabia, that the reason why there are so many religious enthusiasts in that country is that, in the extreme simplicity of the life and uniformity of the landscape there, *heaven*—in the form of the intense blue sky—seems close upon one. One may almost see God. We moderns guard ourselves effectually against this danger."

Ten Times One.

"Look up and not down : —
Look forward and not back : —
Look out and not in,
And Lend a Hand."

A GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED, AND HOW IT GREW.

I AM a busy woman, busy with the hard, practical duties of life. A wage-worker; and the getting of bread and butter takes so much out of one, soul and body, that there seems to be little left of any kind to give toward helping lift the world's great burden of misery and sin. It is so very easy to believe that self needs all there is of us; that duty, like charity, begins at home and ought to stay there if she gets a bit tired.

But I belonged to the King, and down in my heart was a desire to do his work in his world, if only I could find out just what to do and just where to begin.

There was no use to think, even, of the "great things." I had no time or opportunity to be president or manager or director of any society, however good and useful it might be. And, if I had all the time there was, and every opportunity in the world, I had not the brains for that work.

Little things? Yes, doubtless; but I had not learned to look for them, and they slipped by me unnoticed as I hurried on in my bread-and-butter quest.

In the line of duty, one bright spring day, came a meeting, a girls' meeting, held in a beautiful home in a great city. There I heard the story of a new order of service which was being formed in more cities than one. Such a simple story it was, and yet so full of the grandest possibilities for time and eternity. A hint of the needs of aching human hearts and burdened, sorrowful lives. A plea

for a closer drawing of the "King's daughters," who loved him and wanted to have some part in bringing in his kingdom. The outline of a plan by which the whole order, working in little bands of "Ten," should go forth in the world of suffering and sin "in his name," who cares for the sparrows as well as for the archangels, ready to do his bidding. No service too small to be laid at his feet; no work too great to be undertaken, if he leads the way.

One needed but to watch the earnest faces to know that the loyal young hearts were answering to the call, and I was quite ready, when the meeting was over, for the eager question, "Will you join my Ten?" Ready, too, to answer, Yes; for here, at last, was something even I could do, if indeed it were true that *every* word or deed of love was true service, and made holy if offered in his dear name.

So loving fingers tied the tiny silver cross above my heart, and I went back into the work-a-day life again—one of an inner circle of ten—one of a great sisterhood of service to do the King's work.

The fair spring days had ripened in the full glory of July. Duty, this time, lead me into the midst of a Chautauqua summer camp in old Massachusetts. Girls again—plenty of them everywhere—eager, earnest, thoughtful girls.

Had I found a place where my mustard seed of service could be planted? And yet there was so little I could do—only tell a story. Was it worth the while?

Under the spreading trees, on the shore of a quiet lake, it was told; the tiny seed was planted, and I was away, never, on earth, to look again into all the faces that were lifted so earnestly to mine that summer's morning.

How the seed grew, blessed beyond my widest praying, the letter which came to me in the shadow of the New Hampshire mountains, before the frost had kissed a single leaf in the forest, shall tell for itself, for the telling may help some other sower by the wayside:

I wonder if you have heard, as yet, the blessed results of that little gathering in the woods. The influences of that hour, I am sure, will be with me throughout my life, since it led to a *more complete* consecration to the Master whom I have served for many years.

Do you remember that you expressed a desire to form a "Ten" there at Lake View?

The thought recurred to me again and again, but I did not suppose that it would be possible, as we were to be so widely separated.

Reading that article, "Some Account of Our Ten," in the July LEND A HAND, made me think that, perhaps, it was not altogether impracticable, and, in talking with the girls, I found that they were very much in favor of the idea.

Mary, Alice, Millie and I looked over the magazine, talked over the plan somewhat, and resolved to organize then and there.

Miss Haven (one of the old ladies who sat near us when you began to talk, and

who came nearer to listen) begged the privilege of being one of our number should we form a "Ten," so that we were sure of *seven*. The next day we captured Miss Thomas and carried her to "Idlewood." After giving her an outline of what you told us, she was delighted to become the *eighth* of "Our Ten." Sunday, Miss Grey and Miss Campbell were initiated. Thus another "Ten" was formed, having among its numbers a State president, secretary, and superintendent of temperance work, a missionary, an artist and a poet, while the remainder, although occupying less exalted positions, will, I trust, be no less true and loyal "Daughters of the King."

We did not agree upon any definite plan of work, except that we were each to take a special interest in Miss Strong—our young foreign missionary (another of your suggestions)—helping her in whatever way it should seem best; *she* to make known her needs to one of our number, and *we* to supply them in so far as possible. Then we each resolved to do whatsoever our hands found to do "in his name."

The best result of that little talk, my friend, I leave to the last. One of our circle went from the lakeside to make her first public confession of faith in the Master whom we serve. As nearly all of our "Ten" are Chautauquans, and all are members of the white-ribboned army, we fully understand the significance of badges, and we mean to wear the Maltese cross.

So my mustard seed was planted, so it grew, for the Lord himself did water it.

BLACK SHEEP.

BY M. B. A.

THIS is a plea for the black sheep.

The question of keeping such in a club seems to me one of the most puzzling in the management of any society.

Common-sense, prudence, discipline, and firmness, all speak against it. Experienced presidents and leaders oppose retaining such; and yet instinct, love,

and a patient hope for something better, prompt one to "keep on longer." The question has been fought, in my mind, time and again, with much the same result—that, perhaps, love and patience will do more good to all concerned, in the end, than justice.

The argument that is given by a noted

Sunday-school superintendent and worker among boys in New York, that "one bad apple specks a whole barrel," has much force, and the responsibility of hurting others, by the influence of one bad boy, would be a great one.

But if the club is not too large, if the boy has anything good in him—which all boys have—cannot tact, and a consecrated interest in that boy, change him gradually, so that he will finally use his influence for good? Cannot the other members have it put to them, as an object-lesson in charity, to help that one boy, and will it not do them more good than to drop him? Is not the object of any *Y.M.C.A.* club to work for just such boys and reclaim them? And where can you draw the line of badness at which to keep out members? If a boy has any honor at all, cannot that be appealed to up to the very last moment?

I have in mind the case of a fiery and sullen boy, in a city club, with which I am connected. We have nearly dropped him a number of times, but have always given him another chance. The other boys, when appealed to, have finally agreed to give him one more trial, and help lift him up if possible. And he has been lifted up perceptibly. He is still much that he ought not to be; but he

has grown generous, helpful, and more manly, and has not turned out a rascal, as he might have done if left to his own devices and his miserable home training. And, in working for him, another boy has grown, unconsciously, with rapid strides, and is more forgetful of self than almost any member of the club.

The question is, Would our club have been better if he had been dismissed long ago, as he deserved, no doubt? Growth in numbers and outward prosperity are not the real tests by which to measure a club's progress, to my mind; and, if the lesson of charity (which suffereth long, bears, hopes, and believes all things) is learned at the expense of discipline, is it not better? If it is right for a person, why not for a collection of persons? And, with sufficient faith and courage, why can it not be done?

But this whole question must be answered by each club for itself. The relations and proportions of common sense to patience are hard to decide. It is a case where a good theory may not always be the most Christian practice. It depends upon the result for which one is working.

I should like to hear the opinions of other clubs.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

BY MARY L. DICKINSON.

WE should fill the hours with the sweetest things

If we had but a day;

We should drink alone at the purest springs

In our upward way;

We should love with a life-time's love in an hour

If the hours were few;

We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power

To be and to do.

Lend a Hand.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
 By the clearest light ;
 We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills
 If they lay in sight ;
 We should trample the pride and the discontent
 Beneath our feet ;
 We should take whatever a good God sent,
 With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret
 If the day were but one ;
 If what we remember and what we forget
 Went out with the sun,
 We should be from our clamorous selves set free
 To work or to pray,
 And to be what the Father would have us be,
 If we had but a day.

 ONE IS THE UNIT OF TEN.

"ONE is the unit of ten," said a Sunday-school teacher to a little girl who had brought in a new scholar, in answer to the request of the superintendent, made the Sunday before, that a prize should be given, at the end of the year, to the scholar that should bring in ten or more new members for the school, from the crowded part of the city in which the school was situated. The little girl in question was disappointed that she had only been able to persuade one other child to come with her on that day, and this was the way that her teacher strove to assure her of ultimate success. "One is the unit of ten—don't you see? Now, let me show you. Here is one penny. Now, I will add to that nine more." And so, slowly counting them one by one, she made it plain to the child's mind, at length, that her single new scholar was of much more importance in her arithmetic than she had at first understood, and that all that was needed was to add another to the number, week by week, and, before Christmas came, she would have made up her

ten. "And, besides," added her teacher, "you have only to make your little friend thoroughly in love with the school, by your personal attention to her, to gain her sympathy in the same work of winning others; and so your unit will at once make two, and these two going to work with their increased capital, you will have double power, and may bring together two other new scholars next week, and then your units will be increased to three. And so, in a very short time, your ten will be gathered in; and, although the new-comers may not be all of your own personal persuasion, directly, yet they will be the natural increase of your one active unit. Do you see?" said the wise teacher, as the young, intelligent face beamed back its reply, and bounded away to carry out the useful lesson of the hour.

It was just the same lesson in economic principles that Franklin aphorized to his generation: "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." And the same that the Master

taught long before, after the miracle of the loaves and fishes, when he commanded the disciples to gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.

I remember walking, with a successful merchant, over the grounds of an estate which he had shortly before deeded to a public charity, and in our walk there lay a single brick, which by some means had been left there, probably by a careless workman. To my surprise, my friend stooped and picked it up, carrying it in his hand the rest of the way till we reached the house, when he gave it to the steward, with the remark, "Bricks cost money," and then explained to me that

one of the secrets of success with him had been never to allow waste about his premises, even in the smallest things; adding, "It is the cents that make the dollars." And this gentleman was as famous for his hospitalities and charities as he was for his business successes.

Montgomery has a beautiful missionary hymn which expresses the same principle, commencing:

A grain of corn, an infant's hand
May sow upon an inch of land,
Whence twenty stalks may rise and yield
Enough to plant a little field;
That field supply sufficient bread
Whereby an army may be fed.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

SOMETIMES it seems as if the children of our asylums, homes and charitable institutions are in danger of becoming pampered and selfish. Well-to-do people and generous people, with pity for the children cast on the world who have no parents to care for them, delight in making festivals for the orphans, and in sending them gifts of fruit, flowers and clothing. Their children, too, are taught from infancy to save their toys, make scrap-books, and in a hundred ways gladden the little hearts with a glimpse of the comforts and pleasures of the life which more fortunate children enjoy. This is all quite right, and they delight in the blessing of giving. But this pleasure is denied to the little ones whose lives are brightened by these gifts. Do they ever know of the blessedness of giving, too? Is that to be wholly reserved for the children of parents of more or less wealth, or for the children who, though poor as poverty, are free to come and go, and under kind teachers are shown how they can help others? Has the experiment been tried with the children who, though kindly cared for, are separated from the world? They constantly receive. They

never know what it means to give. They are poor, and know nothing of other children, with parents, but worse off than themselves.

It has been said that children of charitable institutions, where the practice of numbering exists, or where they are dressed in uniform, lose their individuality and their self-respect. Without doubt it is true. Does not any child, trained to receive always, and never to give, become selfish and lose self-respect? May they not feel, in after life, that accepting charity, though there may be no actual need, is no disgrace? It is but a step to beggary, which easily follows. If we would have manly men and womanly women of the boys and girls, who are now cared for by the public and private institutions, the children must practically be taught that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"How can it be done?" is the question, again and again. A suggestion at this season of the year, when "all the world keeps Christmas day," may lead to active work in this direction. Let a club select for this object some Asylum or Home. Let them consult with the matron as to

details. She will gladly enter into their plans if possible. The club can hunt up a dozen street waifs,—poorest of the poor, wretchedest of the wretched. With these in view, members of the club can take a certain number of the asylum children, and, providing materials, show them how to make gifts to those less fortunate than themselves. If the club has the means, they can help the asylum children to prepare a Christmas tree for a festival for these poorer waifs. The girls can make simple aprons, or petticoats, or dress a doll, and the boys can whittle jackstraws. If John or Edward will lend their jig-saws, they can cut out many a pretty thing which friends of the clubs will buy, giving them the means to buy mittens or collars, or some trifles.

Again, before Easter, a club can provide tiny pots of plants and show the children how to care for them, so that on that day their little offerings may be sent to sick and afflicted little ones.

And yet once more. How pleasant for the little unknown, friendless ones to feel that in their church they have their part to do. A club of older people could, in the spring or autumn, take some of these children to the country to gather flowers for the church the next Sunday. Let them, or those selected by the matron, go to the church early, with responsible older people, and themselves place the flowers around the pulpit. And let somebody thank them for it after the service. Will they not be happier than if they had received the flowers?

These are rough plans. Clubs will, without doubt, improve on them. But if children can be taught to give and not always to receive; that they, too, can lend a hand; that in God's eye the smallest service "in his name" is equal to the most princely gift of the millionaire, then will the teaching and self-respect begin that will make of them noble men and women for the future.

REPORTS OF CLUBS.

FROM TOLEDO, OHIO.

THE interest in the clubs founded on the Wadsworth mottoes is constantly shown in letters like the following:

I have spoken to the pastor of our church in regard to forming a club from the boys in our Sunday-school, between the ages of ten and fourteen. He said he should cordially favor it. I am inclined to the name of the Harry Wadsworth club. I am very much interested in the movement. It seems to me calculated to do much good, and will give me an opportunity, which I have long desired, of using my influence in forming the character of boys, especially as I have already much to do with young ladies.

I intend also, very soon, to form a club from the boys in the industrial school; the attendance there is not very large while the weather is so warm that *poor children* are perfectly comfortable out-of-doors.

If you can give me any assistance in the formation or carrying forward of these

clubs, beyond what I have in circulars, etc., I shall be much obliged to you.

DISCOURAGEMENTS OF A CLUB.

WE have always met in a church which is but four years old and has many expenses. It does not feel that it can afford to warm and light its parlor as often as we need to meet, in order to keep up the interest.

Many of those who sing have left town. The boys have merged into the Derby hat and light cane period, and the girls with whom they associate are not with us. I can see myself that our best and most attractive girls are gone. Still we have half a dozen of the grandest of the boys standing loyally by.

The two ladies who have been interested in this are invalids now, and I alone remain, a woman of many cares, and living too far from the town to take up the burden again. Lastly, what can be done?

It seems to me a bright, grand young man is needed to take the leadership. There is not one just adapted to it in our church. Indeed, I know of but one in town. I would still retain the girls in their sewing society, and perhaps could lead a Sunday meeting for the little boys, of whom a score stand waiting to come. The cause is too good and the boys too loyal to be tossed over. But who shall lead on?

"Look up and not down :—
Look forward and not back :—
Look out and not in,
And Lend a Hand."

Very truly, your servant,
W. P. P.

THE RELIGIOUS LITERATURE CLUB.

THIS club was organized some two years since, the object being to introduce the highest moral and spiritual thought of the times into the homes of the people, and make them more conversant with it. There are from twenty-five to thirty members who pay an annual assessment of fifty cents. Quite a variety of books and religious magazines are circulated, and the club has been sustained with good interest and success. These books are sold at the end of the year to the members of the club.

Another reading circle, consisting of eight or ten members, have met every Friday afternoon at the vestry, and read and discussed such books as "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," by Henry Drummond; "Words of Christ," by John Barcomb, and portions of "History of the Eastern Church," by Arthur P. Stanley. This we have found quite enjoyable and profitable.

FROM THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF LITTLETON.

THIS was founded in 1717. It has a fire full of irons, and hot ones at that. These reports show how methodically and well church work can be carried on and each one bear his own part. The

scribe writes us that they are "simply home organizations for entertainment and mutual helpfulness." This is quite true, but as we read we shall see that *mutual* does not refer to help which the members of the society alone give to each other. It extends wider and farther than that:


In this sense (mutual helpfulness) we are perhaps in the spirit of Harry Wadsworth, which suggests that what I have to say may not seem wholly irrelevant. As a charitable organization we have The Ladies Benevolent Circle. It has been in existence more than half a century. It works very much on the same basis as when organized, the first object being to render assistance if needed to those immediately connected with us or in our midst; then enlarging our charities in working for the Children's mission and New England hospital, and sending small gifts from our treasury from time to time to benevolent objects, since we believe no society fulfils its mission so successfully if all charity is confined within its own borders. We hold many gatherings of fairs, sociables and suppers, which are a success financially and socially.

We continually hear of fresh clubs forming. In the following extract from a letter, we find that Toledo does not mean to be left behind in the children's work for the Master:

I have just ordered pledge-cards and sample badges for two clubs of boys formed yesterday. The largest one, of boys from the Sunday-school of the First Presbyterian church, is to be called the "Harry Wadsworth Club." I told them the story and they seemed much interested, and were in favor of organizing immediately. They chose from those present a president and secretary, and made me treasurer. They are to meet next Monday, and bring their initiation fee and perfect the organization. The other club is of poor boys in the Industrial school. They are less intelligent, and not so enthusiastic, but I hope to interest them and that it will be a benefit to them. I found forty-six scholars in the school yesterday, over twenty of them boys under ten years of age.

HELP JUST A LITTLE.

(Reproduced by permission of John J. Hood, Publisher, Philadelphia Pa.)




1. Broth-er for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
 2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
 3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;




Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
 Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.
 Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.

CHORUS.



Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!



Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.

Let us live for one another,
 Help a little, help a little;
 Help to lift each fallen brother.
 Help just a little.

Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
 Help a little, help a little;
 Bravely look t'wards God's to-morrow,
 Help just a little.

Intelligence.

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

AT the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches, held at Saratoga on September 20-24, an informal meeting was called for the purpose of forming a "Unitarian Church Temperance Society." The meeting was largely attended, much interest was manifested, and a committee was chosen to prepare a form of organization. At an adjourned meeting, the Constitution which accompanies this circular was adopted, and a list of officers chosen.

The purpose of this circular is as follows:

1. To invite to membership in the newly-formed society all churches or Sunday-schools which, either because of temperance work already begun or because of definite plans for the future, may desire to become members. Each branch society is left free, according to the constitution, to form its own plans and follow its own methods. The executive board is instructed to prepare and recommend plans for organization and work; and all who desire further information are requested to write to the secretary, Rev. J. L. Marsh, Winchester, Mass., or to the undersigned.

2. To urge the importance of this new movement upon ministers and laymen, upon churches and Sunday-schools. It is not necessary to say anything as to the vital importance of temperance work, at least to those who know the facts in regard to the evils which arise from the use of intoxicating drinks. It is the duty of others to learn these facts. Temperance

work is of vital importance; and there can be but one answer to the question—Are not the churches and Sunday-schools of our faith called upon to take active part in it?

3. To request full account, so far as possible, of temperance work already carried on by our churches, together with any printed documents or forms which may be useful, so that the executive board may become our central bureau of information.

Suggestions of all kinds relating to the work are also invited, and newly-formed branch societies are asked to communicate at once with the central office.

In conclusion, we would express the hope that the opportunity now presented to our churches may be widely accepted, believing it an opportunity for doing true service for the Kingdom of God.

Are we not ready for systematic temperance work—that of educating the children in true temperance principles, that of uniting men and women together for the sake of united influence, that of speaking the most inspiring and wisest word we know?

If ready, then to work. Only let it be wisely and steadily carried on. Far better few results and good than much superficial and evanescent success. Let us enter upon the work with full hearts, but let our enthusiasm be guided by wisdom and strengthened by faith.

CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT
(for the Executive Board).

CONSTITUTION.

- I. The name of this organization shall

be "The Unitarian Church Temperance Society."

II. The purpose of this Society shall be to work for the cause of temperance in whatever ways may seem to it wise and right; to study the social problems of poverty, crime and disease in their relation to the use of intoxicating drinks, and to diffuse whatever knowledge may be gained; to discuss methods of temperance reform; to devise and, so far as possible, to execute plans for practical reform; to exert, by its meetings and by its membership, such influence for good as, by the grace of God, it may possess.

III. This Society shall be composed of such Branch Societies as may be formed, in sympathy with the above-named purpose, either in churches or Sunday-schools.

IV. The regular meetings of this Society shall be held once in two years, in connection with the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches; and each Branch Society shall be

represented at such meetings by two delegates. Special meetings may be called by the Executive Board.

V. The officers of this Society shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, who shall also be Treasurer, and nine Directors, who, together with the other officers, shall constitute the Executive Board.

In addition to the usual duties of such officers, the Executive Board shall prepare and recommend plans for the organization and work of the Branch Societies.

VI. The office of the Central Society shall be simply advisory to the Branch Societies; and no vote passed shall be binding upon, or in any way interfere with, the work of these Branch Societies.

VII. This Constitution may be amended by a majority vote of the delegates present at any regular meeting, provided notice of the proposed amendment be sent to all the Branch Societies two months previous to such meeting.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY HARRY WADSWORTH ASSOCIATION.

ON Monday, October 4th, at 3 P. M., assembled in the "Boy's Free Reading-room," Springfield, the delegates from the clubs which form the Connecticut Valley Harry Wadsworth Association.

The "Reading-room" where the Association met is centrally situated, and most cheerful in its furnishings and appointments. The appliances for occupying and amusing the boyish minds were numerous, and it excites no wonder that the boys flock to a place where genuine love has invited them, and which it has made so attractive.

Of three of the clubs, representatives were unavoidably absent. The vigor and enthusiasm of those present, however, could but inspire hope for the future and give a glimpse of the blessed life of unselfishness for which each one of these clubs is striving. The true ring and

spirit of the Wadsworth mottoes were delightfully shown in the real joy and pleasure of each club in the work which had been done by the others. Every one felt fresh courage in this good-will and eager, affectionate fellowship.

In our next number a more detailed report of the association and its branches will be given to our readers.

The binding together of clubs, in an association like this, works with excellent results. Each incites the other to renewed exertion in a lovely and Christian spirit.

Why will not all the clubs in the vicinity of the Connecticut Valley send their names and join in the benefits of the association? Next year let us have a rousing meeting and electrify the whole valley, indeed the whole state, with the work the Harry Wadsworth mottoes can do "in his name."

T
Char
Char
jr.,
treas
lows
\$56
ques
from
in U
lectu
\$108
Hod
B. A
inter
tion
\$59.
T
ses,
50;
This
leav
T
For
\$1.1
25;
war

T
Chr
Pen
book
ume
Scot
fello
volu
ral
A
for

ASSOCIATED CHARITIES OF BOSTON.

THE annual meeting of the Associated Charities was held, November 12th, in the Chardon street building. Mr. R. T. Paine, jr., presided. The annual report of the treasurer contained information as follows: The balance, October 1, 1885, was \$569.91. The receipts have been: Bequest of Catherine C. Humphreys, \$1,000; from contributors, \$12,631.79; theatricals in Union Hall, \$1,000; Mr Herkomer's lecture, \$374.73; Sig. Ventura's reading, \$108.25; Mrs. Abbot's lecture, \$47; Miss Hodges' tableaux, \$30; sale of Rev. F. B. Allen's water-colors, \$400; dividends, interest, etc., \$160.16; rent, \$30; donations, sales, etc., \$506.57; total, \$16,859.01.

The outlay has been: For current expenses, \$14,879.15; for investment, \$1,046.50; for directory of charities, \$712.07. This makes a total of \$16,637.72, and leaves a balance, September 30, of \$221.29.

The donations have been as follows: For registration, \$440; for general fund, \$1,165.14; from central district, \$2,380.25; from ward 6, \$755; ward 7, \$1,150; ward 8, \$1,072; ward 9, \$1,518; wards

10, 11 and 12, \$1,680; East Boston, \$258.05; South Boston, \$365.35; South-End, \$334; wards 17 and 18, \$162; Roxbury, \$974.50; wards 19 and 21, \$24; ward 20, \$38.50; ward 22, \$86; Dorchester, \$229; Charlestown, \$600.61; total, \$13,232.40.

The bequest of Mrs. Humphreys provides that the income shall be expended for the poor of Dorchester district. The total invested funds are \$2,000. The annual report reviewed the operations of the year and embodied several practical suggestions for carrying on the routine work of the association. Speeches were made by the president.

Officers were elected as follows: Directors for the new term, R. H. Bancroft, R. T. Paine, Charles F. Dole, R. C. Humphreys, Mrs. E. J. Holmes, Mrs. Marion C. Jackson.

To fill a vacancy caused by resignation of A. S. Washburn, the association chose George Wigglesworth. As secretary, George A. Goddard; assistant secretary, Miss Zilpha D. Smith; and treasurer, Darwin E. Ware, were chosen.

REPORT OF PRISON LIBRARY COMMITTEE.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

THIS committee, appointed by the Christian Union, has secured for the Penitentiary, by subscription and by books contributed, over one hundred volumes, including the works of Walter Scott, Dickens, Marryat, Bryant, Longfellow, books of travel, biography, bound volumes of standard magazines, and several miscellaneous works.

At the prison, a suitable case was made for the books, one of the prisoners was

made Librarian, and at a recent visit of the committee not a book could be found on the shelves. Every volume was in the cells. This shows how gratefully they were received.

The Christian Union hopes that this small beginning may be the means of leading to a small appropriation by the Legislature from time to time, until a Prison Library, carefully selected and amply supplied, shall be conspicuous as an institution of the State.

FRAUDS IN ADVERTISEMENTS.

IN a previous number we have noticed the work which the Women's Educational and Industrial Union are doing in the way of investigating the many advertisements, to be found constantly in our daily papers, which promise work at home with large profits, and needing but a small outlay for materials.

We again call attention to a circular issued by them on this subject:

This offer of investigation was published in all the Boston dailies six months ago and it still appears, each paper in turn giving it one week's gratuitous insertion.

Our investigation has shown the existence of a cruel and wide-spread fraud, for in the long list of parties thus advertising we have not found one which does the business it advertises, though, in a few instances, a small quantity of work may be given out in order to secure wit-

nesses in case of arrest for fraud, while the promised materials, even if sent, are never worth the money demanded for them.

As some check to this evil, our Union issued a warning circular, 5,000 copies of which were sent for publication to newspapers throughout the country, and has received in response numerous personal calls and over twelve hundred letters of inquiry, chiefly from remote sections of the country, many of them giving sad experiences of disappointment and loss by the home work fraud. This, of course, is only representative of the vast number reached by our warning, but at the same time shows the wide dissemination of these plausible promises.

We cannot express too warmly our acknowledgements to the press for its valuable assistance in this work which all must admit to be of vital importance.

(Signed) ABBY MORTON DIAZ,

President Women's E. and I. Union.

NEW BOOKS.

THE following are the titles of recent publications in lines of thought which will interest our readers:

EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY. A treatise for parents and education. Louisa Parsons Hopkins. Lee & Shepard.

LETTERS FROM A CHIMNEY-CORNER. A plea for pure homes and sincere relations between men and women. Chicago.

LABOR MOVEMENT IN AMERICA. Richard Theo. Ely. T. Y. Crowell & Co., N. Y.

LECTURES IN THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR KINDERGARTENS. Miss Eliz. P.

Peabody. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

LOOK AND THINK. Strikes and their related questions. Joel Prentiss Bishop, LL. D. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION AT NEW ORLEANS. Herbert S. Fairall. Published in Iowa City.

STUDIES IN MODERN SOCIALISM AND LABOR PROBLEMS. Thos. Edwin Brown. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

PREJUDICED INQUIRIES. The Backwoods Lectures for 1884. Edward Joy Morris. G. R. Putnam's Sons. N. Y.

M. GODIN, the founder of the Familistère of Guise, has become a member of the *London Productive Society*, which was recently formed by the members of the Metropolitan Lodge of the Labor Association. This coöperative society pro-

poses to commence with the manufacture of cocoa and chocolate, and to extend its operations, if successful, to the manufacture and packing of various articles in common domestic use, for sale through the Distributive Coöperative Societies.

THE English association for the advancement of boarding-out regards as a very important matter the value of Canada in the case of girls who, in their own country, lose their places through temper, and who would drift back to the very position from which boarding out has rescued them. The training in the every-day affairs of life this has afforded them, and their value through the scarcity of female servants in Canada, gives them a great advantage, and they seem always to have the opportunity of marrying if they wish. It reports: "We have found no difficulty in getting them out to Canada, and with the exception of one girl, who we know married from a good situation a well-to-do blacksmith, we have kept up correspondence with all. The proportion who need the fresh chance Canada gives is small, but the lowest pauper type will always provide some. Here is an example: One of our girls, whose drunken father had deserted his children after the mother's death, was placed with the best of foster-mothers; but when she had to earn her own living she would not do her duty in service. A brother, who had be-

come a sailor from the Exmouth, had some years before been sent by the worthless father to get the girl from her foster-parents, but when he saw how she was cared for he turned right round, and has ever since helped us in every possible way. An elder sister, who had never been with us, had some time before been sent to Canada with Miss Rye, and had married prosperously. The brother paid the fare of the younger one to Canada, and though for some time she hung on her relatives without the pluck to face real work, she is now going on steadily in service, and I have very lately received an excellent account of her. In a similar case, a girl sent to Canada soon got a place there, at wages far above any she could obtain in England, and before long married satisfactorily. These, and indeed all our Canada cases, have been well helped and watched by the friends we have interested in their welfare, and show that it has not been a mere shoveling of the girls off our hands to save trouble and anxiety, but a means of securing a respectable and happy future to those not able to fill high-class situations at home."

REPORTS OF CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS.

NEW YORK. *American Missionary Association*. President, Hon. W. B. Washburn, Mass.; Secretary, Rev. M. E. Strieby, D.D., New York. The object of this association is "To preach the gospel to the poor."

Current receipts, \$320,000; expenses, \$320,000.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. *Silver Street Kindergarten Society*. President, Miss Harriet O. Crocker; Secretary, Sam'l B. Wiggin, Esq. The society endeavors to teach poor infants after the methods invented by Froebel.

PORTLAND, ORE. *Boys' and Girls' Aid Society*. Annual report. President, Dr. P. T. Keene; Secretary, F. E. Beach. The object of this society is to help friendless boys or girls, who, from misfortune or crime, are in need of aid. Total receipts, \$515.00; total expenses, \$630.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN. *Associated Charities*. Statement of executive committee. Chairman, Francis Wayland; Corresponding Secretary, E. D. Moseman. The society endeavors in all ways to assist those who cannot assist themselves.

BOSTON. *Girls' Friendly Society for America*. Massachusetts Diocesan Organization. Secretary, Edith Lombard. This society extends a helping hand to friendless girls in the city.

MILWAUKEE, WIS. *The Wisconsin Humane Society*. Sixth Annual Report. President, Rev. G. E. Gordon; Secretary, Mrs. G. E. Gordon. The aim of this Society is to prevent cruelty to animals, to children, and to criminals, defective and dependent people. This they seek by punishment of offenders to the full extent of wise laws, by the creation of a public humane sentiment and by the education of the young to moral sensibility toward all creatures. The total receipts, \$2,987.65; expenses, \$3,201.60.

Associated Charities. Fourth Annual Report. President, J. G. J. Campbell; Secretary, Howland Russell. The object of this Society is to secure, by coöperation, the best methods of relieving the poor, to prevent indiscriminate almsgiving and to put each person in the very best place, be it hospital or workshop. Current receipts, \$2,411.72; expenses, \$2,330.04.

BESIDES the leading magazines known to all the world, a number of monthly journals recently established, of great value in their various departments, deserve the attention of careful readers.

Among these are:

EDUCATION.—A monthly magazine devoted to the Science, Art, Philosophy and Literature of Education. Edited by William A. Mowry. \$3.00 per annum. 3 Somerset St., Boston.

GOOD CHEER.—A monthly paper devoted to the interests of the Home and Family. "The Strength of a Nation is in the Homes of its People." Published by H. D. Watson Pub. Co., Greenfield, Mass. 50 cents a year.

OUR COUNTRY HOME.—"The Country Home is the Support of the Nation." This monthly has a special agricultural department. H. D. Watson Pub. Co., Greenfield, Mass. 50 cents a year.

BABYLAND.—A charming monthly for the babies who cannot read for themselves. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. 50 cents a year.

THE NEGRO.—Published in the interest of the Negro race in America. Boston. \$1.00 per annum.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW AND RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.—By Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston. \$3.00 per annum.

QUERIES—in Literature, Science, Art and Education. Published by C. L. Sherill, Buffalo. \$1.00 a year.

HOME AND SCHOOL.—An illustrated monthly, devoted to education. Published by Supplement Co., Detroit, Mich.

WIDE-AWAKE.—An illustrated magazine for young people. This is world-renowned and is better than ever. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. Price reduced to \$2.40 a year.

LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.—Same publishers. \$1.00 a year.

PANSY.—Same publishers. For girls of an older age. \$1.00 a year.

THE LAWS OF LIFE.—Sanatorium Co., Dansville, New York.

THE AMERICAN HEBREW.—New York. \$3.00 a year.

We hardly need call the attention of those who are interested in music to the advantages in purchase of pianos, offered them in our advertising pages by Messrs. Miller and Briggs. With every year some new improvement is made in this instrument of masters.

MISS C. BATES,

47 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.,

MANUFACTURES THE BEST REFORM
UNDERWEAR

FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

that we have seen. We have worn her goods for many years, and know many of her customers, our personal friends, who wear her goods. The garments are made of the best material, and fit perfectly. Miss Bates is always patient, obliging, and considerate of all the whims and idiosyncracies of her customers, and, no matter at how great a distance they may live from Boston, manages to please them.

Any one can send a written order for Miss Bates' all-wool union underwear, or any of her other goods, and feel sure of a perfect fit, provided they give the right measurements.

1992

